The Beaver

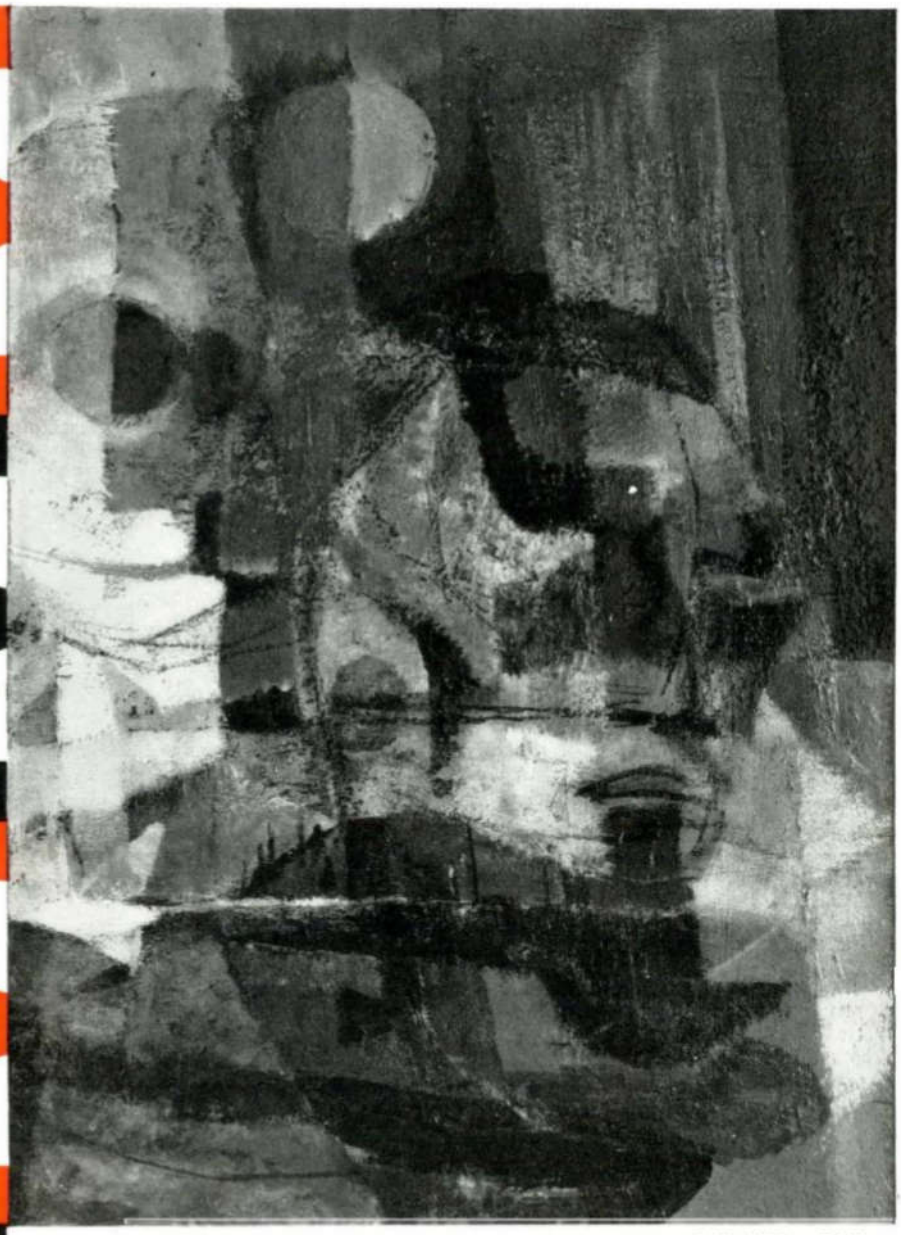
Tlinkit Headdress

SPRING 1963

MMI

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670



From the painting by R. York Wilson, R.C.A.

Some Account of MATONABBEE, *and of the eminent Services which he rendered to his Country, as well as to the Hudſon's Bay Company...* SAMUEL HEARNE.

MATONABBEE was the ſon of a Northern Indian by a ſlave woman, who was formerly bought from ſome Southern Indians who came to Prince of Wales's Fort with furrs, *&c.*

It is impoſſible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promiſe than he was; his ſcrupulous adherence to truth and honeſty would have done honour to the moſt enlightened and devout Chriſtian, while his benevolence and univerſal humanity to all the human race *, according to his abilities and manner of life, could not be exceeded by the moſt illuſtrious perſonage now on record.

The Beaver

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The woodpecker on this page is a Tsimshian medicine rattle, 9 inches high, a fine example of the artistic style of the Indians of the northwest coast. It was exhibited at the Seattle World's Fair in the Fine Arts Pavilion (see Dr Gunther's article, p. 4) *Courtesy National Museum of Canada*

THE COVER

A Tlinkit headdress carved of wood and decorated with flanges of painted walrus hide and five wealth rings woven of spruce root with an ermine skin inserted in the top one. The eyes and nostrils are inlaid with abalone shell and the mouth is set with teeth. The ears are decorated with human hair. This headdress belonged to the Taequedi clan and wearing it was an inherited dance privilege. It is 13½" long, 10" high. Exhibited at the Seattle World's Fair, from the collection of the University Museum, University of Pensylvania. *Earl T. Fields photo*

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West Coast Indian Art goes to the Fair

BY ERNA GUNTHER

Dr Erna Gunther, professor of anthropology at the University of Washington and former director of the Washington State Museum, organized the hall of Northwest Coast Indian Art which was part of the Fine Arts Exhibition at the Seattle World's Fair in 1962, assembling and arranging the exhibits from widespread collections.

The photographs are reproduced by courtesy of Century 21 Exposition, Inc. and the various institutions which own the originals.

Mountain Goat

This unusual and charming carving of a mountain goat has just enough realism for recognition of the animal. Elongated stippling on the body represents the goat's hair. 10″ long, 15″ high
Volkerkunde Museum, Basel, Switzerland

Mortar Representing a Beaver

This Haida stone mortar from the Queen Charlotte Islands may be a very old piece for it has all the characteristics of stone carving found archaeologically. A stone pestle was used with it. 6½" long, 4" high
Volkerkunde Museum, Berlin-Dahlem.

SINCE great arts have not occurred too often in the history of man, the Pacific Northwest is justifiably proud of having the prolific and skilful work of the Indians as part of its regional heritage. For this reason the Northwest Indian art exhibit was included in the Fine Arts Pavilion at the Seattle World's Fair last year in companionship with the "masterpieces" and contemporary art of Europe and America. In this dignified setting the Indian art easily commanded attention.

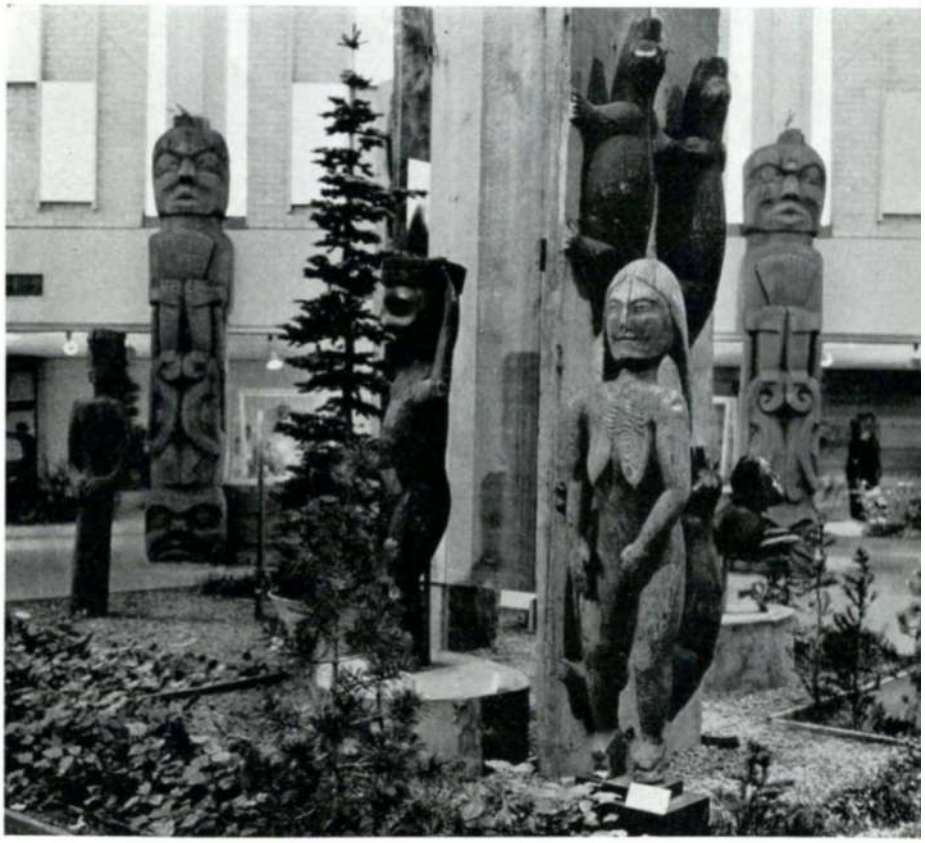
Like primitive art from other parts of the world, Northwest Indian objects are often found in ethnological museums and displayed as the manufactures of the producing cultures. A step toward freeing primitive art from this setting was taken in the United States at another fair, the Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco in 1939, when Northwest Coast Indian art was included in the arts of the Pacific Rim. This event and the leadership of the Museum of Modern Art pointed the way to exhibitions in art galleries. Northwest Coast Indian art has been shown in several large exhibits and has been part of many small ones. Galleries have not only exhibited primitive art borrowed from elsewhere but have started to build up their own collections and in these Northwest Coast Indian sculpture has taken its place with the pre-Columbian art of middle America and the great sculptural arts of Africa.

The catalogues of these temporary exhibitions and descriptions of the permanent holdings of museums have formed the core of the recent literature on Northwest Coast Indian art, but basic to them all is the superb chapter in Franz Boas's *Primitive Art*. This region has also won international recognition in general books on primitive art and many of its pieces are very familiar. For this reason the catalogue of the recent exhibition was designed to focus attention on pieces which have not appeared widely in publications and the exhibition consisted almost entirely of objects not seen before on public display in the Northwest, their home territory. This was not difficult to accomplish, first, because of the wealth of available pieces and, secondly, because of the generosity of the museums having them.

Where, then, are the resources for the study and exhibition of this art? They are the ethnological collections in museums of the world and private collections, known and still unknown. A great advantage in this respect is the fact that the art of the Northwest Coast was produced in great quantity and not limited to a small segment of the society either in use or production. It is a great art which does not have a "folk art" to accompany it for everyone created in the same media, for the same purposes, and with the same cultural background for his imagination. It was produced in great volume because of the needs of the affluent society in which it was created. It is found in so many parts of the world today because in the late 18th century the European and American fur traders who haunted the coast for sea otter skins also bartered for the "Indian curiosities" which they saw around them. These were taken to Hawaii, Canton and Macao in China, England and the east coast of the United States. Another great collecting period came in the latter part of the 19th century when ethnological museums sent out expeditions which gathered the great systematic collections on both sides of the Atlantic.

The principal cities of the Pacific Northwest share in these later collections with the Rasmussen collection in the Portland Art Museum, the Emmons collection at the Washington State Museum, Seattle, the Newcombe collection at the Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C., and the newly developed collections, including the Raley collection at the Museum of Anthropology at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver. From these collections one of the large exhibitions of Northwest Coast Indian art was assembled in 1951 and shown at the Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and at the Seattle Art Museum, as well as the "People of the Potlatch" exhibited at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 1956. It was therefore decided to seek other sources for the exhibition at the World's Fair, so that the local people who were familiar with the material in the Northwest could see some of the treasures of other museums.

In recent years some research has been done in European museums to locate and study the Northwest Coast Indian collections with the result that many pieces not known before in the literature have been uncovered.



The centre exhibit 'sculpture island' where gravel and living foliage give a semblance of the original setting. The realistic Kwakiutl wooden carving of a woman, 50" high, is from the Museum of Primitive Art, New York. Behind this figure are two 10-foot-high Salish house posts with carved otters, from the Museum of Anthropology, University of British Columbia collection. The pair of figures are Kwakiutl house posts, 14' high, from a large community house, and belong to the Provincial Museum of British Columbia

Photo by Allen C. Wilcox

Sometimes this pursuit of collections or individual pieces took on a "hares and hounds" aspect. For instance the objects brought back by the Cook expedition were sold at auction in London in 1806 and during this chase were found in Vienna, Florence, Munich, Berlin, and Berne. The lead to these places, besides notes in old scientific journals, came through a sales catalogue in the British Museum and then an annotated sales catalogue in the hands of a London dealer where the names of the purchasers were entered. Many articles were purchased by a representative of the Imperial Court of Austria and through gifts from the Emperor, came into the collections in many museums in Europe.

This study was now used in selecting objects for the 1962 exhibition. All the pieces that were originally requested were not finally included because all museums have policies about lending which often define time, place and occasion for such arrangements. But generally institutions were cooperative and Seattle visitors have had the privilege of seeing new and important pieces. It is to be regretted that included in these foreign loans there could not have been a few items from the fine collections in the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography at Leningrad. As might be expected, they include some of the best and earliest Tlinkit collections secured during the Russian occupation of Alaska.

To offset the regret for collections not obtained is the adventure that led to pieces that were not sought for because they were unknown. One day, to escape a sudden downpour, I ran into the Royal Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter where I found an excellent exhibit of American Indian objects, especially from the west coast. On the label of a Nootka war club appeared a name familiar to me and a quick look at my notes confirmed my guess. The club and a small amulet, beautifully carved, were collected by Mr J. M. Scott, a midshipman on the Vancouver expedition in 1792 and received from his nephew, Mr W. Bower Scott in 1869. These are among the best authenticated pieces from the Vancouver expedition and are significant in establishing dates for the presence of both these types of objects as fully developed in the culture at that date.

On this side of the Atlantic the National Museum of Canada and the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto loaned some of their finest pieces while the large sculpture was borrowed from the Provincial Museum at Victoria and from the Museum of Anthropology of the University of British Columbia at Vancouver.

In the area from the mouth of the Columbia River to and including southeastern Alaska, where this art was produced, the Indians have undergone many cultural changes that wiped out the economy and social structure which supported the art. In this region the art was not closely linked with religion, as it often is, but rather it fulfilled the demands of the society that it served by indicating social status with its symbols and social pres-

Fish and Seal Club

Yew wood is used for a Haida club carved in the form of a seal, for killing fish and seal. 21½" long

National Museum of Canada

Amulet

In making this charm of a bear's tooth, advantage was taken of the natural shape. The figure is a killer whale, its dorsal fin laid flat on its back; the tapering end of the tooth is the tail. It was collected by J. W. Scott, a midshipman on the Vancouver Expedition to the Northwest Coast 1790-95. 4⅜" long

Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter, England

Rattle in the Form of a Skull

This type of Kwakiutl rattle, decorated with red-dyed cedar bark, was used by the healers in the Cannibal Society dance. 6" high

Provincial Museum of British Columbia

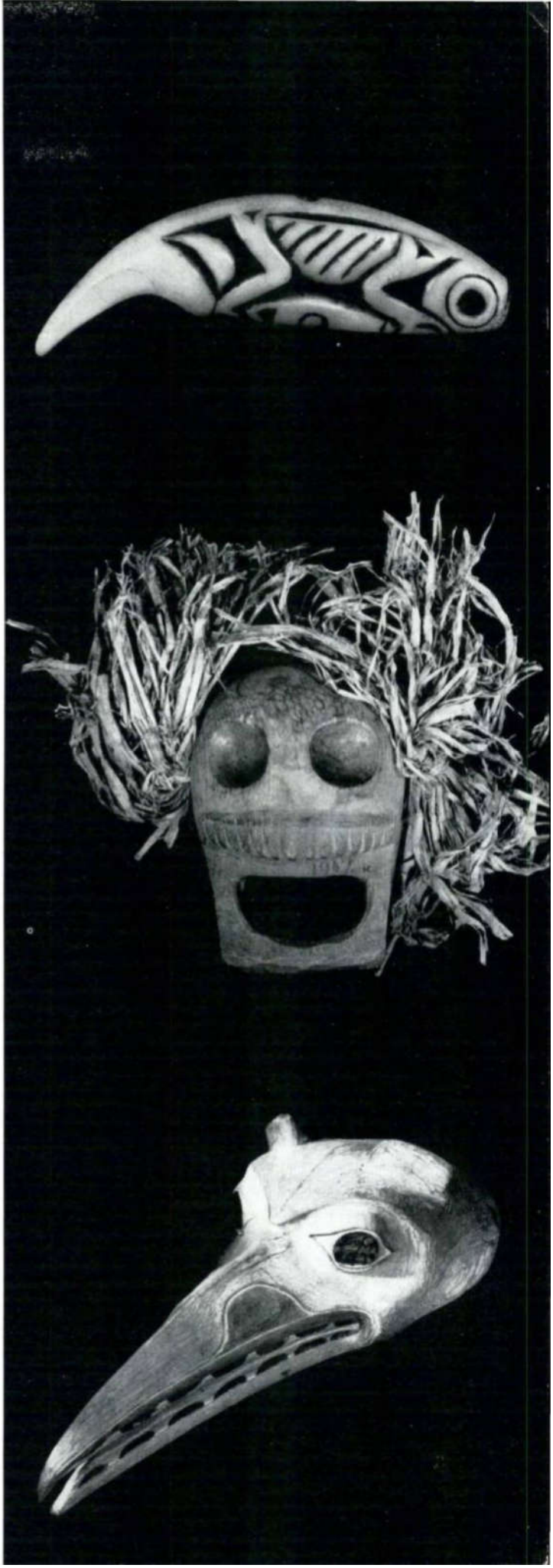
Loon Mask

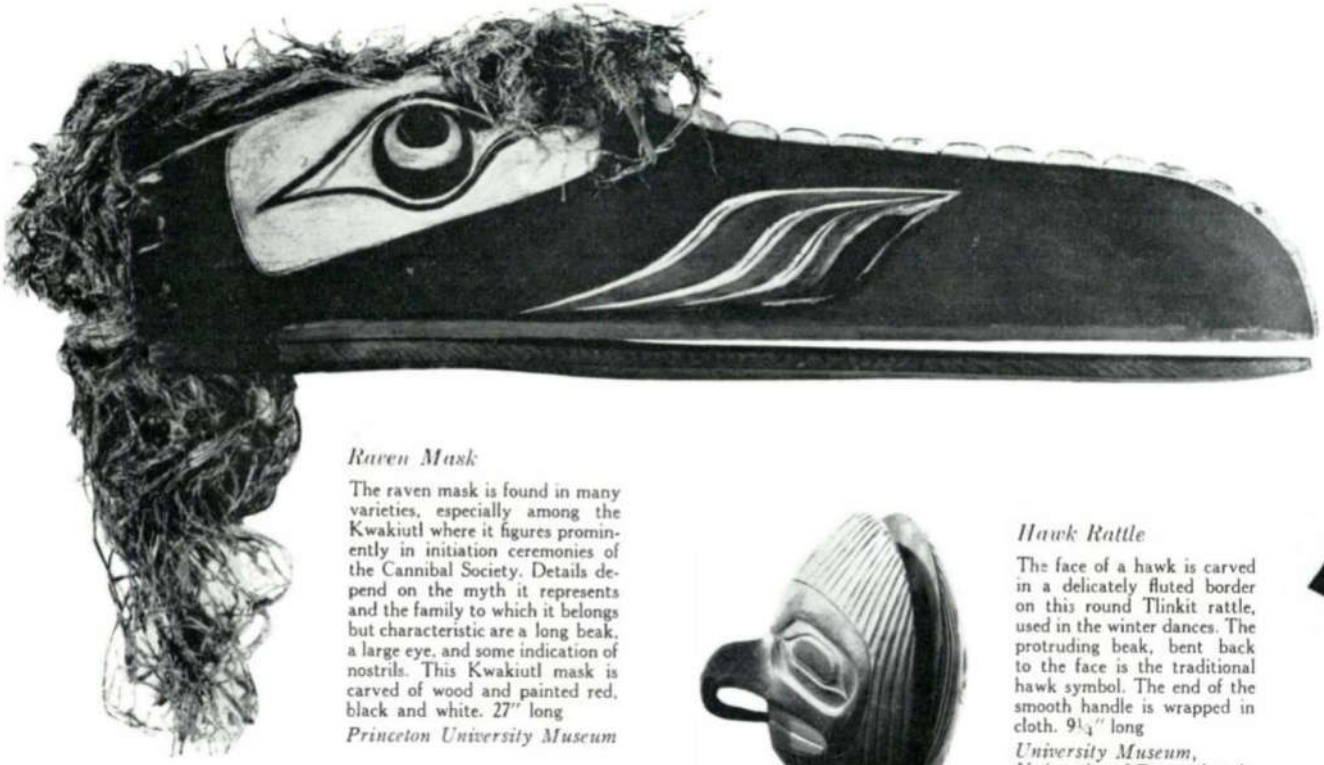
A very delicately carved Tsimshian mask, inlaid with abalone (haliotis) shell and left in natural wood finish

Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto

tige through its creation and possession. At first the impact of Europeans on this culture was a great stimulus to the economy in bringing new goods, but as settlement of the region restricted Indian life and disrupted Indian faith in their own beliefs, the economy fell apart, the society became disorganized and the rich background in which this art had flourished ceased to exist. Making souvenirs to sell is a sterile occupation, nets little income, and certainly gives no aesthetic satisfaction. Since the early 1920s no more art of any consequence has been produced on the Northwest Coast with very few exceptions. It is just as impossible to add to the store of this material as to the art of any other past period in history, except as unknown collections might be discovered.

How are objects chosen for an exhibition? First, there must be a theme around which to build an exhibition. The Fair as a whole used "Man in the Space Age" and while the Indians of the Northwest had great interest in the spirit world which they created around them, their concepts did not fit into this main theme. So the old and tried subject of the art and its place in the culture was again polished off and used. This is especially satisfactory when presenting the art of a pre-literate culture because the audience is offered the opportunity to gain a deeper





Raven Mask

The raven mask is found in many varieties, especially among the Kwakiutl where it figures prominently in initiation ceremonies of the Cannibal Society. Details depend on the myth it represents and the family to which it belongs but characteristic are a long beak, a large eye, and some indication of nostrils. This Kwakiutl mask is carved of wood and painted red, black and white. 27" long

Princeton University Museum

Hawk Rattle

The face of a hawk is carved in a delicately fluted border on this round Tlinkit rattle, used in the winter dances. The protruding beak, bent back to the face is the traditional hawk symbol. The end of the smooth handle is wrapped in cloth. 9¼" long

University Museum, University of Pennsylvania

understanding from such an arrangement than the casual showing of individual pieces and the short "gallery" type of labels can explain.

The art of the Northwest was created from many kinds of material and the artist's knowledge of their qualities gave him a wide range of textures in which to work. Some pieces on exhibition were selected to illustrate this point, as for instance the mask made from the vertebra of a whale and the charming carving produced from the tooth of a sperm whale. Woods were also selected for their various qualities. Yew wood was dense and heavy so it served well as a fish killing club. No object was too humble to have care and artistry devoted to its manufacture. Cedar has a straight grain and was favoured for boxes, house planks, and large sculpture. When new materials came with European trade, they were always handled in an original way because the European techniques of manufacture were not known and the skilful Indian craftsmen enjoyed the adventure of adapting them to their own uses.

There has often been so much preoccupation with symbolism in primitive art that the naturalism which is the basis of it all is almost totally neglected. In Northwest Coast Indian art one can find every step of the way from recognizable natural forms to rearrangements of these forms to almost abstract presentation. The animal forms most frequently used are of course taken from the natural world around the artists. The general tendency

Painted Hat

Woven of spruce root and painted red and black with the figure of a mythical sea bear, the design covers the brim completely. This is a modern style in contrast to the 18th century painting used only on the sides of the crown. These hats were worn for dress occasions by both men and women. 11" diameter

Princeton University Museum

Mask of Whale Bone

A mask of whale bone is rare on the Northwest Coast and generally dates from the 18th or early 19th century. These masks are often too small to be used as a face mask and may have been decorations on large headdresses. It is difficult to name the principal animal but the suckers of the devilfish are clear along the sides. 4" high, 6" wide

Volkerkunde Museum, Berlin-Dahlem

Ceremonial Shirt

The knee length Tlinkit shirt is made of painted caribou skin in front, fringed at the bottom, and red flannel at the back. The painting represents "the original Grizzly Bear" with another bear's head beneath him. The larger figure has erect ears, flaring nostrils, large claws. The ankle joints are indicated by "eyes" and the internal organs sketched in x-ray style. The lower face is telescoped, with eyes and ears directly on the mouth and nostrils between the eyes. c. 48" long

University Museum, University of Pennsylvania

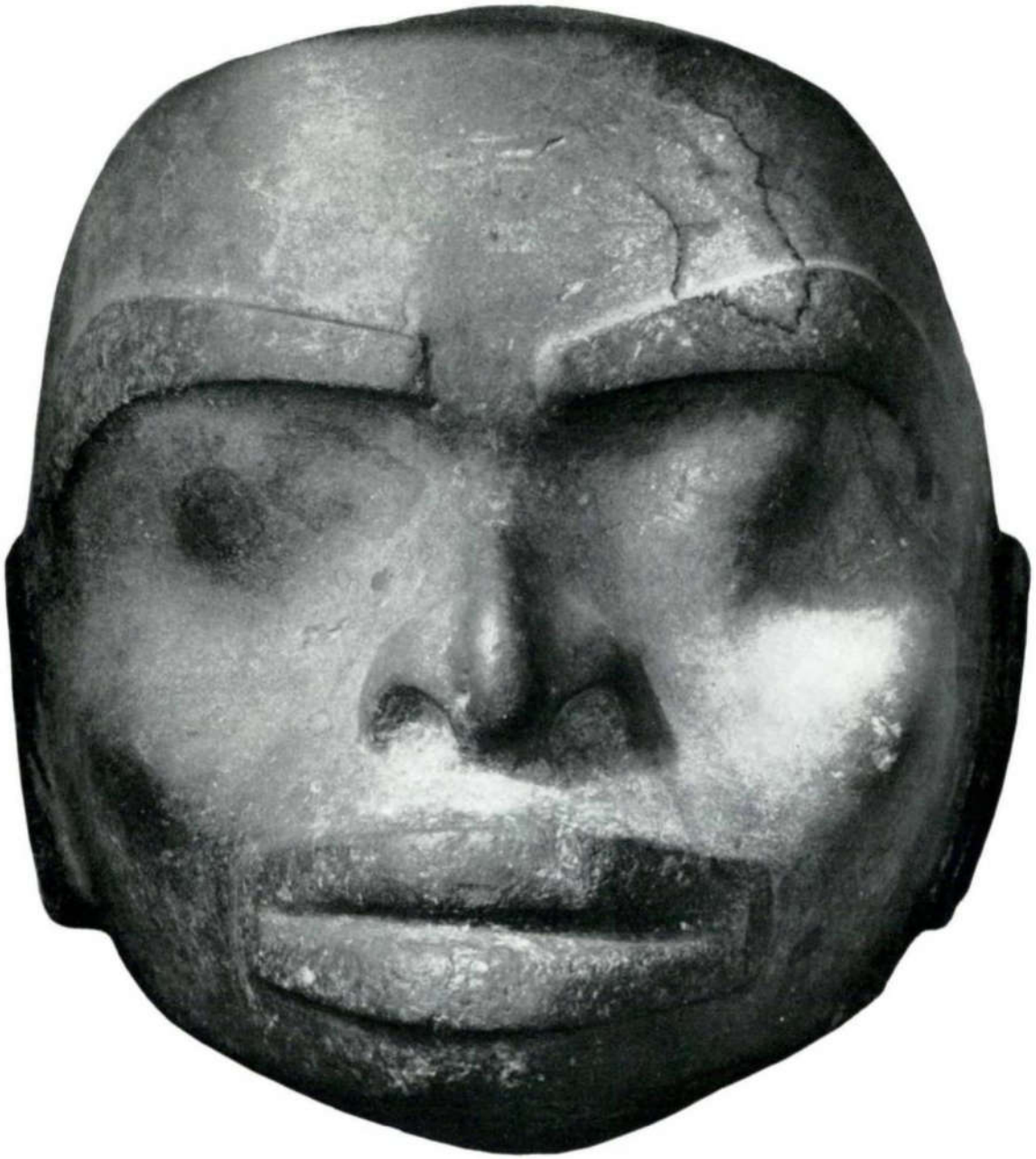
is to exaggerate the head and with the birds to concentrate on the design of the beaks. The raven has a straight beak and the hawk's recurves to the face, while the eagle has a strong, heavy beak that slopes downward. The concept is carried to the mask which among the Kwakiutl becomes tremendously large and complicated while the costume of the dancer remains the simple blanket. When these sculptural forms are transferred to two dimensional designs the bodies with no decoration present a problem, for the Northwest Coast artist does not like to leave any large area of the chosen space undecorated. He therefore turns to a device used in many forms of art, namely the "X-ray" presentation of those parts of the body not seen from the exterior. The most completely "rearranged" designs giving the impression of abstraction are those on the painted hats and the Chilcat blanket.

The characters which appear in the art of this region are taken from the mythology which is especially important among these tribes because the stories are closely associated with the ancestry of the clans and lineages. In these stories the line between animals and humans is

Mask or Headdress Ornament

The mask or ornament is made of iron, dark with oxidation. It represents a shark with typical drooping eyes, large mouth turned down, and three gill slits. The surface is scored with parallel lines. 11½" wide, 6" high

Princeton University Museum



Mask of Carved Stone

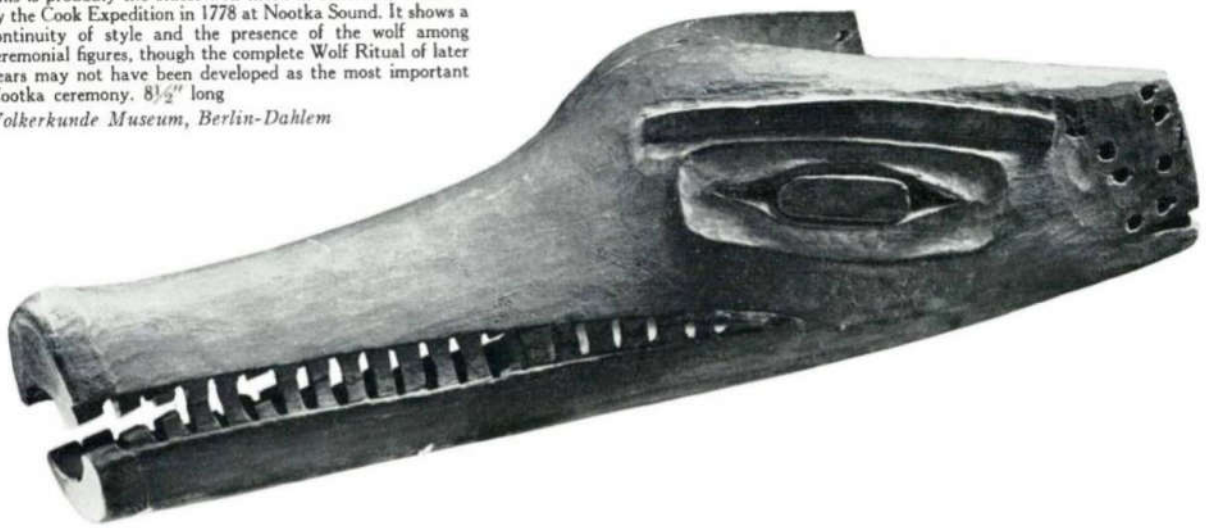
Although this Tsimshian mask has standard face dimensions, there are no indications that it was worn. Possibly the character of the material was a challenge to the artist. Only one other stone mask is generally known (in the Musee de L'Homme, Paris) and they resemble each other so closely as to suggest one artist for both. 9" by 8½" by 7½" deep

National Museum of Canada

Wolf Mask

This is probably the oldest wolf mask in existence, collected by the Cook Expedition in 1778 at Nootka Sound. It shows a continuity of style and the presence of the wolf among ceremonial figures, though the complete Wolf Ritual of later years may not have been developed as the most important Nootka ceremony. 8½" long

Volkerkunde Museum, Berlin-Dahlem



faintly drawn and the characters could change from one to the other at will, until "the people came" and established the mundane monotony of the present world. The animal figures then become more remote supernatural characters who could help man by their powers and who visit the people during the ceremonial season, the winter, when they are impersonated in masked dances. In addition to the figures from the known animal world of today there are also mythical creatures like the thunderbird, sea monsters, and cannibal women. When an artist was commissioned to design and carve a totem pole he chose from the clan legends of his patron's family the incidents involving these mythical and real creatures. It is often said that in the final analysis the only person who could state definitely what the figures on a pole represented was the man who made it. In other words totem poles cannot "be read."

In the exhibition an effort was made to present the ceremonial and the social use of the art in the showing of figures from the procession in the "Wolf Ritual" of the Nootka and in surrounding a chief with the artistic objects used in the potlatch. The privilege of wearing certain masks was inherited in families and played an important part in marriage settlements. During the winter ceremonial season they were displayed in such events as this procession. The large wooden dishes, carved horn spoons, the chests for storing costumes and the etched copper, a token of high potlatch value, belonged to wealthy families. On the social occasions masks were not used but the ceremonial hats were of equal importance, indicating the clan and lineage of the wearer by the animal forms used in the design. Some of these were also shown in the exhibit as well as the helmets, formerly used for defense in warfare and later in the 19th century,

Feast Dish

The figure of a seal rests on the back of a man crouching beneath it. The sides of the Kwakiutl dish are adzed and painted with large faces whose relationship is not clear. 52" long. 20½" wide

Chicago Natural History Museum

Wolf Mask

Another version of the wolf mask in the traditional Nootka style. It has less carving and more painting than some other styles, and has a scroll above the eyes. 15" long

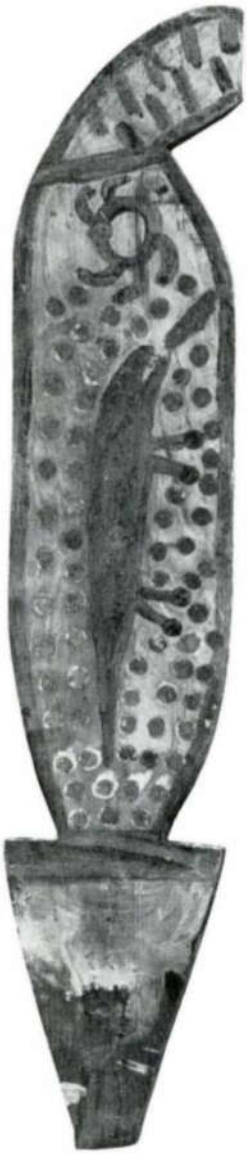
Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto

Soul-catcher

A Tsimshian soul-catcher, made of hollow bone, inlaid with abalone shell, is open at both ends so that the shaman who has found a strayed soul can carry it back in this container. The figure at each end is always an open-mouthed animal. The shaman wore this piece also as a charm, suspended round his neck. 6⅜" long *National Museum of Canada*

when intertribal warfare came to a close, continued as ceremonial hats because they also were designed with family crests.

An exhibit of Northwest Coast Indian art would not be complete without some recognition of the shaman or medicine man whose regalia and gear were an outlet for artistic endeavour. In the southern portion of the region the Coast Salish shaman represented his spirit helpers by figures painted on boards which were used in a ceremony when a group of shamans went to the land of the dead to recover a soul which had wandered away. The boards were set to form the outline of a spirit canoe and in this the medicine men paddled to the land of the dead. If they captured the soul it was brought home in cupped hands. But in the north where the shaman also recovered wandering souls he would, if successful, bring back the soul in a "soul catcher" which was a hollow piece of bone beautifully carved and inlaid with abalone shell. The carving also represented the spirit helpers of the medicine man. The northern shaman was represented in the exhibit on a stick figure and assembling his costume involved many lending institutions: the cloth skirt decorated with charming small carvings of bird and animal figures at the base of the fringe was from the National Museum of Canada, the painted skin cape and the bear claw headdress were from the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, and the rattle from the Chicago Natural History Museum, a truly international assem-

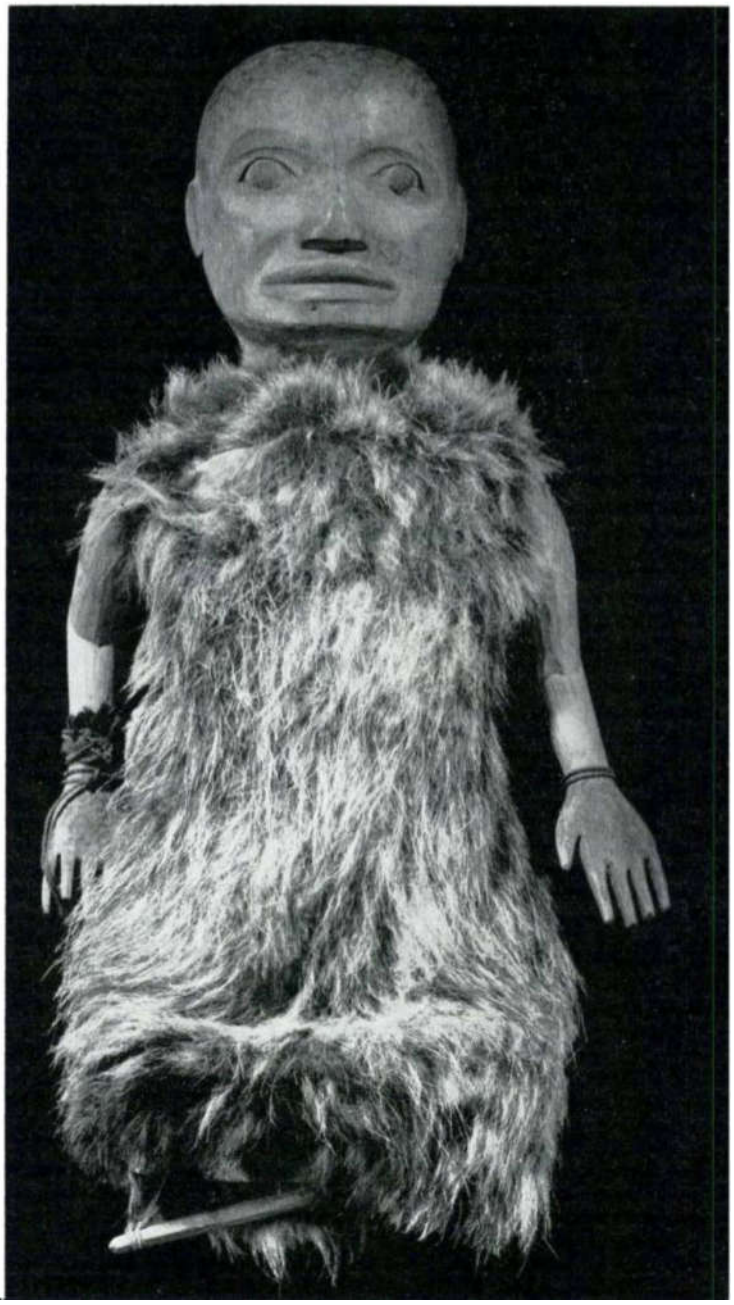


Spirit Canoe Boards

These boards were used by Coast Salish shamans when several co-operated in a special ceremony to go to the land of the dead and capture the soul of a patient. The figures on the boards represent the spirit powers that help. The shamans stuck their boards upright in the form of a canoe in which they travelled to the land of the dead. c. 70" high
Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation

Canoe-prow Figure

The crouching Tlinkit Land Otter Man is carved in wood with eyes inlaid with abalone shell and trimmed with human hair which may be from a slave or an enemy whose identity is never revealed. This figure is supposed to create an unpleasant feeling and remind one of war. 40" long, 15" high
University Museum, University of Pennsylvania



Puppet

A Tsimshian puppet carved of alder, with a fur robe, has movable arms with hands jointed at the wrists, and movable head. It was used in dramatic action in the winter dances. 14" high
Provincial Museum of British Columbia

blage. But no shaman's gear would be complete without the beautiful small amulets which he carries. These are carved of bone and ivory and represent his spirit helpers. In the cases close to the shaman's figure were such pieces from the Royal Ontario Museum, the National Museum of Canada and from the fabulous Newcombe collection recently acquired by the Provincial Museum in Victoria.

As this is being written the exhibition is about to be dismantled and the collections will go back to their respective institutions. It was a great joy to welcome them back to their homeland, however briefly. This exhibition allowed the people of the Pacific Northwest to share with the world their regional heritage and has reminded the present citizens that they were preceded here by a sophisticated culture whose society and economic pattern did not differ greatly in principle from the present, though they appear superficially to have been very different. ◆

NORTH WEST RIVER

BY D. M. LeBOURDAIS

THE fur trade was Canada's first industry and the pattern it imposed upon the country still prevails. Posts built by fur traders became the sites of today's cities; and others still beyond the frontier are doubtless destined to be the cities of tomorrow.

One such could be North West River, in the heart of Labrador, where a trading post had been established as early as 1743 by a French trader named Louis Fornel. In the spring of 1836 Governor Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company instructed Chief Trader Simon McGillivray, Jr, to travel overland from Mingan, on the St Lawrence estuary, and plant the Company's flag at the western end of Esquimaux Bay in opposition to a Quebec trader, who was bought out the following year. The chain of waterways composed of Hamilton Inlet, The Narrows and Lake Melville was then called Esquimaux Bay.

Hamilton Inlet is the largest of the numerous indentations along the Labrador coast. Fifteen miles wide at its entrance and thirty-five miles deep, it tapers to a rocky thirteen-mile channel, in places less than a mile wide, called The Narrows, which leads to Lake Melville, seventy-five miles in length and twenty at its greatest width. This remarkable marine complex, both salt and fresh, extends inland in a southwesterly direction. Several rivers flow into it, chief of which is the mighty Hamilton, at its western end.

The site of the new post was well chosen. Like most other Hudson's Bay posts, it was at a meeting of the waters. Here, the outflow from Lake Michikamau, next to Melville the largest of Labrador's lakes, lying at an elevation of 1650 feet, discharges into Melville on its way to the sea. Michikamau is drained by the Naskaupi River into Grand Lake, a narrow cleft in the Precambrian Shield, about forty-five miles long. The overflow from Grand Lake reaches Lake Melville after passing through a short rapids section into Little Lake, whose name is descriptive, and a channel three hundred yards in length by a hundred yards in width, miscalled North West River.

The Indians who traded at this post belonged to the Naskapi and Montagnais tribes, members of the Algonkian family, the former inhabiting the interior, the latter occupying territory farther south, extending to the north shore of the St. Lawrence. According to Dr A. P. Low, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who wrote of them half a century later, they were "probably the most miserable and ill-conditioned in Labrador." Deer-hunters,

Mr LeBourdais is the author of a number of books on the North. His current one, "The Great Peninsula," deals with New Quebec and Labrador

North West River looking from Lake Melville towards Little Lake. The T-shaped building is the hospital, with the school behind it. On the left, where the old French post used to be, is the Indian settlement *Brinex photo*

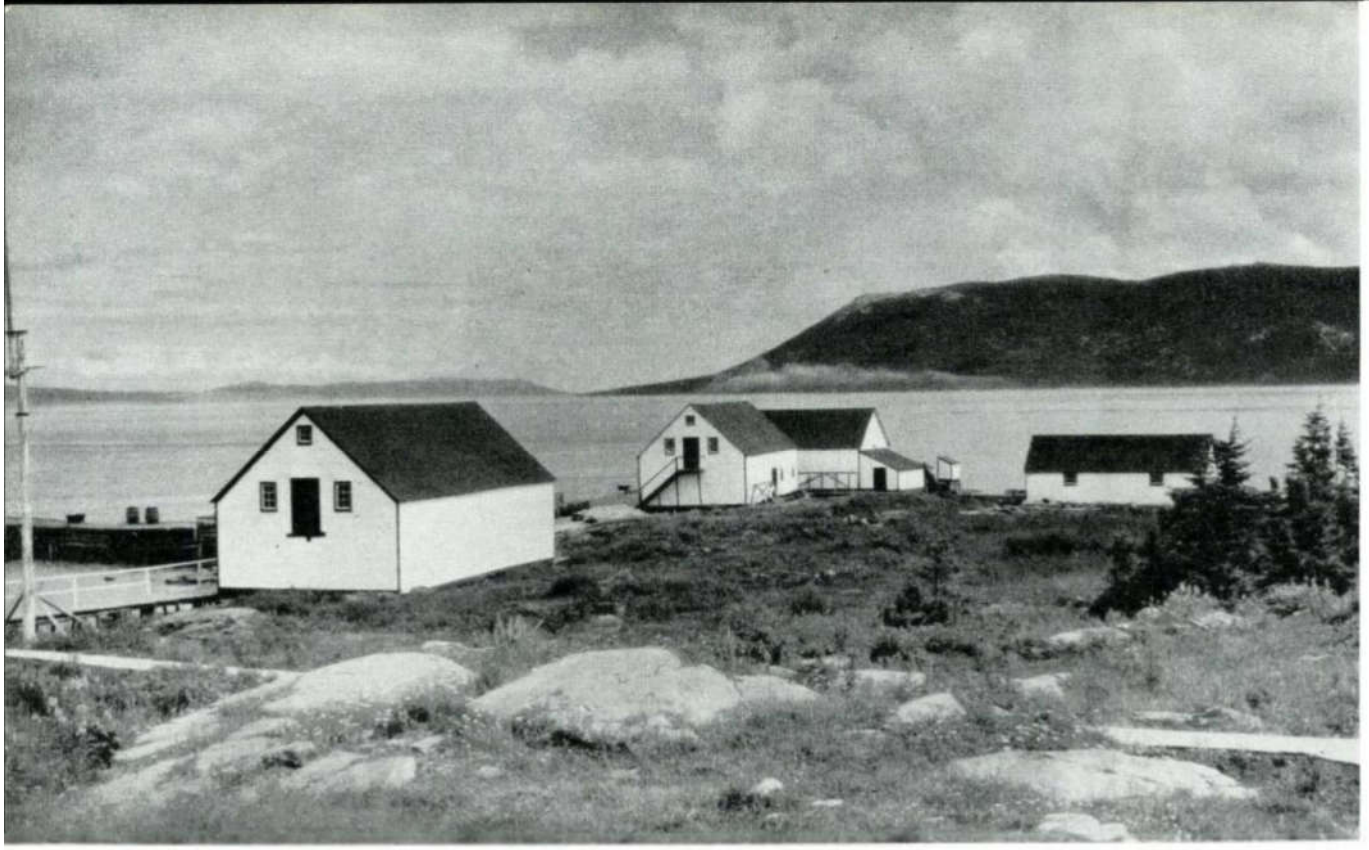
they depended chiefly on caribou for food and clothing, and did little trapping. Their trade, however, seemed to justify establishment of the post.

Why it was named Fort Smith is not known; but since it was for many years to be the home of the most famous person of that name in the history of the Company, its choice would seem almost prophetic. Despite this, the name did not stick. Two years later, when John McLean visited the place, the name was already changed to North West River.

McLean was also an exceptional personality. Shortly before the time of which we write, he had come from New Caledonia to take charge—after a spell at York Factory—of Fort Chimo, on the Koksoak River, twenty miles above its entry into Ungava Bay. His instructions were to open overland communication with Fort Smith. On 2 January 1838 he set off for Esquimaux Bay and, traversing Lake Michikamau on the ice, reached his destination without encountering difficulties much greater than those usual to winter travel in that region, and was back at Chimo on April 20th. In the following summer, with canoes, he attempted to reach the Bay by a more westerly course, which led him to the discovery of Grand Falls (245 feet high, on the Hamilton River) but he did not reach Esquimaux Bay. This he succeeded in doing the following year and the next. When he retired, he wrote an account of his experiences entitled *Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in Hudson's Bay Territory*, which has become a classic in the annals of the Canadian fur trade.

The first district headquarters were at Rigolet, near the entrance to The Narrows, but shortly after the establishment of North West River House, they were transferred to the latter. Rigolet, in the coastal area, was largely deserted in winter, whereas North West River, situated farther inland, had a more equable climate. The fierce storms of winter kept the rocky surface at Rigolet denuded of soil, making the growth of vegetation impossible, but North West River, in a heavily timbered region, sheltered from the chilling coastal winds, enjoyed a climate several degrees warmer. As was later to be demonstrated, most of the common vegetables, the coarse grains and some small fruits could be successfully cultivated there.

One of the Company's early managers at North West River was W. H. A. Davies, whose "Notes on Esquimaux Bay and the Surrounding Country" was read by him to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec on 19



The Hudson's Bay Company buildings at Rigolet *H B C*

February 1842 (published in the Society's *Transactions*).

Chief Trader William Nourse was in charge at North West River in May 1848 when a young man arrived to act as his assistant who was to remain at the post for twenty years. So long an apprenticeship in such an out-of-the-way spot might not seem a likely prelude to an outstanding success in business, politics and finance; yet this and more was to be the achievement of a Scottish immigrant named Donald A. Smith. He would play a large part in the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway and, as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, would become the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, successor to such exalted personages as Prince Rupert and John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough.

Shortly after Smith's arrival at North West River, Chief Trader Richard Hardisty, accompanied by his wife and daughters Maria and Isabella, came to replace Nourse. It was a sign of North West River's growing importance that a Hardisty should have been sent there. Isabella soon married a man named Grant, the wedding ceremony being performed in the customary Hudson's Bay Company-Scottish manner, where there were no clergy—vows repeated in the presence of witnesses. It was an unsuccessful marriage and was later annulled. In 1853 Donald Smith (according to the biography by Beckles Willson) and Isabella were joined in accordance with the prevailing rites in a union that endured till Smith died in 1914, at the age of ninety-three.

When Hardisty left in 1852, Smith succeeded him in charge of the Esquimaux Bay District. Although North West River was still a relatively unimportant post, the rank of Chief Trader was important for Donald Smith. Douglas MacKay in *The Honourable Company* gives a good idea of his way of life at that time:

"To Smith the life was neither dull nor lonely. Carefully planning each day's work in advance, applying minute care to detail, he wrested complete satisfaction from complete mastery of his job. . . . It was a self-disciplined apprenticeship of twenty years, from which most men would have emerged encrusted with rigid habits of intellect and body, crabbed in spirit and immune to wider ambition. . . . Fur trading alone could not absorb his activities. . . . Donald Smith was farming and keeping cattle on the Labrador Coast. He had seven acres of land under cultivation. . . . He built roads, an unprecedented accomplishment for a fur trader. . . . But most impressive of all, he was improving the trade and showing profits in Labrador salmon. Gradually those who found their way to his domain, naval officers, scientists, explorers, brought out word of a remarkable man who lived and entertained like a gentleman on the Labrador Coast, and who counted and sorted the nails as they came out of the packing cases. . . ."

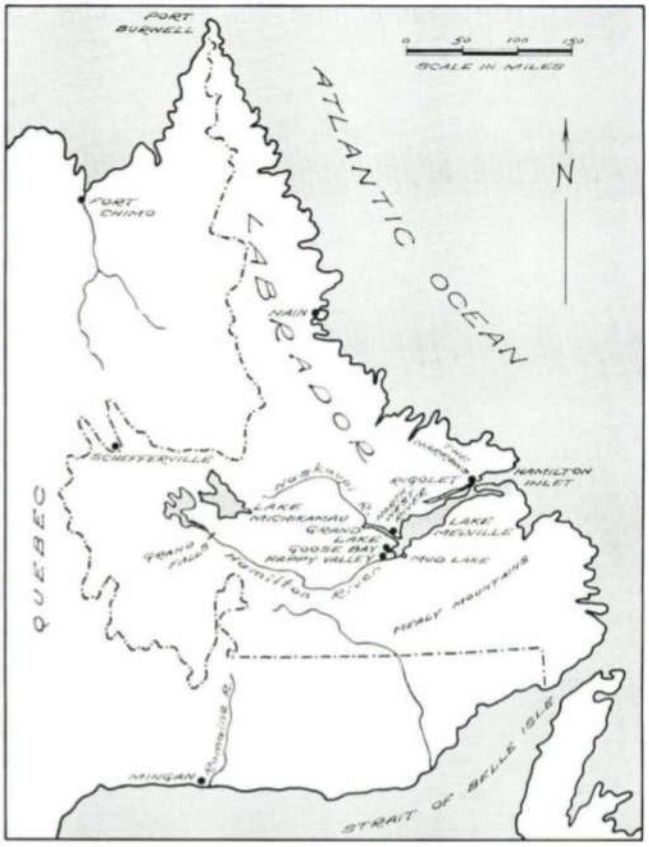
One of these visitors was Captain Sir Leopold McClintock, R.N., whose fame had been acquired during the Franklin Search. In 1858, after only twenty days'

operation, the Atlantic cable had failed. Two years later, McClintock, in command of H.M.S. *Bulldog*, arrived at North West River in connection with surveys for the proposed North Atlantic Telegraph Route which it was hoped would provide an alternative to the cable. McClintock wrote:

"We all went out to see the celebrated garden, which was quite ablaze with flowers, most of which, said our host, 'they told me could not possibly grow in Labrador. I,' he added, 'thought different. Some, you see, I have put under glass, but most of the ordinary things grow well—if they are well watered and manured. Labrador is not such a bad place'."

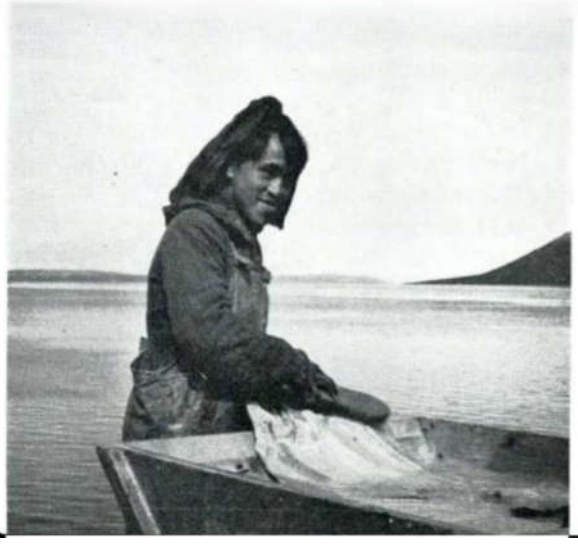
In 1869, at the age of forty-nine, Chief Factor Donald Smith came out of Labrador. After a visit to London he returned to Montreal, ostensibly to take charge of the district, but actually to begin the steady climb to the governorship of his Company and to a seat in the House of Lords.

About the year 1875, a mission for Indians was established by the Roman Catholic Church at North West River; and subsequently from that point, Father Lacasse made two summer-time trips to Fort Chimo, returning in each case in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship. The



The house in which Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) lived at Rigolet when he was an apprentice clerk

A 'liveyere' salting fish F. F. Tisdall



mission was closed within a few years, when the Church found it more satisfactory to have the Indians go south to the older settlements along the St. Lawrence.

In 1901, Revillon Frères of Paris decided to establish trading posts in Canada and after opening a number on the north shore of the St. Lawrence estuary, placed one at North West River, on the side of the river opposite the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment, where its pink building was for years a well-known landmark. The post, with all others owned by Revillon Frères in Canada, was bought by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1936. Raoul Thevenet, manager for Revillon Frères at the time continued in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for some years at North West River and later became an independent trader.

During the half-century following their discovery by McLean, the Grand Falls remained lost in their mists, and seen by few travellers. Then, in 1891, two groups from the United States reached the Falls within a few weeks of each other, determining their location.* But the man who really put the Hamilton River on the map (as well as most of the other large rivers of Labrador and what was then called Ungava) was Albert Peter Low,

* *Beaver*, Winter 1938.

Entrance to North West River hospital
Julien LeBourdais

The Indian village that faces North West River, in 1960

one of the most outstanding of that remarkable group of geologist-explorers who have made the Geological Survey of Canada famous wherever its work is known. In late 1893, Low travelled on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Eric* from Fort Chimo to Rigolet, whence canoes were taken to North West River. There the early winter months were passed, the next season's work beginning on January 19th. Between this date and the middle of May, canoes, outfit and provisions were hauled by dogs from North West River to the Falls. The next two months were spent in exploring the upper reaches of the Hamilton, as well as its Ashuanipi and Attikomak branches and Lake Michikamau. In the autumn, the portage was crossed from the head of the Attikomak to the southward-flowing Romaine, and the Gulf of St Lawrence was reached by a descent of that river and the St John. During 1893 and 1894 Low covered a distance of 5,460 miles, of which 1,000 was by ship, 2,960 by canoe, 500 with dogs and 1,000 on foot.

In an attempt to develop some of the region's resources, the Government of Newfoundland, in 1901, granted timber rights in the vicinity of the mouth of Hamilton River (a few miles west of North West River) to the Alfred Dickie Lumber Company of Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, operating in Labrador as the Grand River Lumber Company. The principal operations consisted of shipping sawlogs to Nova Scotia, but in 1903 a small sawmill was built at Mud Lake, principally to supply lumber for the Labrador market. The enterprise proved unprofitable, however, and in 1908 all operations ceased.

North West River has seen its share of tragedy. In July 1903 Leonidas Hubbard, Jr, an editor of the New York magazine *Outing*, arrived, accompanied by his lawyer friend Dillon Wallace and a part-Cree woodsman from James Bay, secured through the good offices of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hubbard planned to ascend the waterways draining Lake Michikamau and make contact with caribou-hunting Indians about the headwaters of the George River flowing northward into Ungava Bay. Hubbard died in the attempt and Wallace narrowly escaped a similar fate. Two years later, believing that published accounts did less than justice to his memory, Hubbard's wife, without experience in such an undertaking, undertook to complete the project that had cost him his life. Accompanied by her late husband's former guide and two others, she successfully traversed the country between North West River and Ungava Bay.*

North West River narrowly missed achieving a permanent place on the scientific map of the world in 1905 when it was chosen by the Canadian Government as the spot from which to study the total solar eclipse of August 30. The expedition, headed by Canada's chief astronomer, consisted of thirty-one persons among whom were experts in many associated fields. Unfortunately, on that important day the sky was obscured by cloud and the observers were disappointed.

Labrador has cast its spell over many persons, the most remarkable of whom was (Sir) Wilfred Grenfell who, from 1892 till his death in 1940 devoted the greater part of his very active life as a medical missionary to the welfare of its people. The faculty of communicating his enthusiasm to others was well developed in him, and many a life-course was diverted into new channels through his influence. Such a one was that of a young Englishman named Harry L. Paddon whose one-hour interview (while still a schoolboy) with Grenfell resulted in the dedication of his life to Grenfell's cause.

After graduating from medical college, and gaining some insight into the problems of deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea, Dr Paddon went in 1912 to St. Anthony, the Grenfell headquarters in northern Newfoundland. He was assigned to a cottage hospital at Indian Harbour on the northern shore of Hamilton Inlet, which was maintained chiefly to serve the fishing fleets. Since the Indian Harbour hospital was closed in winter, Paddon converted one of the abandoned sawmill structures of the Grand River Lumber Company at Mud Lake in order to serve the local inhabitants, called "Liveyeres" (people who live here) and the Indians.

Paddon was assisted by a nurse, Mina Gilchrist, to whom he was married in October 1913, and a year later

* *Beaver*, Summer 1960.

Julien LeBourdais

Part of the waterfront at North West River with H B C buildings along shore
Julien LeBourdais

their son Anthony was born. The year 1914 was typical of those early days. In an unpublished autobiography, Paddon wrote of that season's work: "Fifty-nine cases were operated upon under general anaesthesia and two successive Sundays found us operating upon appendicitis cases landed from schooners. A little outbreak of typhoid fever brought us four cases. . . ."

In 1915, the building of a permanent Mission was begun at North West River. From there, as at Mud Lake, all within reach were served by dog team in winter and in summer by boat. Sometimes the winter trips kept the doctor on the trail for as long as two months. Watercraft ranged from 30-foot open boats, in the early days, to well-equipped floating hospitals later on, donated by faithful supporters, one of whom was the former Donald Smith of North West River.

The natives, both aborigine and white, suffered chiefly from beriberi and other deficiency diseases—and, of course, tuberculosis. Labrador, claimed by Newfoundland and Quebec, was neglected by both: only in cases of extreme hardship and misery was governmental help forthcoming.

"Education must be the first ally of medicine," wrote Paddon, and soon after his arrival he had organized classes over which the nurse presided. From this small beginning stems the present residential school for some 165 pupils at North West River that was built under his son's supervision. Dr Harry Paddon died suddenly in 1939, sincerely mourned by all of Labrador. During his quarter-century of service he had travelled by dog team an estimated 25,000 miles, and probably twice that distance by boat. To mark their gratitude, the people whom he had so unselfishly served have erected over his grave a memorial shaft of beautiful blue-green labradorite. It overlooks Lake Melville and the Mealy Mountains in the distance.

He was succeeded by his son Anthony (Tony), recently graduated from medical college; but, during the war, while the son served in the Navy, Mina Paddon, newly widowed, carried on the management of the station. She ran the hospital, made a great many medical decisions, and worked extremely hard. For this she received the O.B.E.

A forty-bed hospital was built in 1954-5 at North West River which is supplemented by cottage hospitals

A couple outside their home in the Indian village

Fishing through the ice at North West River
C. W. Cave photos

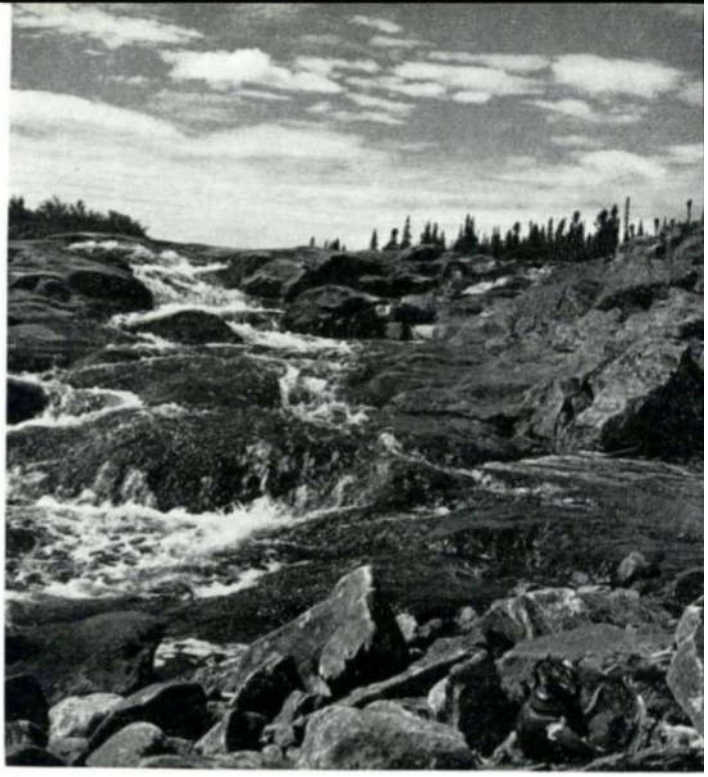
at such points as Happy Valley, Nain, and Makkovik, each in charge of a nurse. Dr Anthony Paddon, who now has a staff of two doctors and three nurses at North West River is in constant touch by two-way radio with these outlying hospitals. Most of the problems that plagued his father still persist, but some advance has been made. Until comparatively recently, however, little could be done to check infant mortality. "The Indians, especially, were a dying race," he told me. "Often the crop of babies in one year would not be found alive a year or two later." That trend has been reversed, and the Indians are on the increase. This gain is due, in part, to the provision since 1948 of powdered milk by the Newfoundland Department of Health and Welfare for children in northern Labrador.

Although dog teams and schooners are things of the past and Dr Tony has the full-time use of a Beaver aeroplane supplied by the Department of Health and Welfare, it must not be thought that he has an easier time than his father had. Development of the resources has begun and an influx of people has resulted.

While following in his father's footsteps, even to marrying a nurse—Sheila Fortescue—and fathering a brood of Labradoreans, Tony Paddon has not been overshadowed by his revered parent. He is very much a person in his own right. Said a friend of many years: "Tony Paddon is the most ingenious man I have ever known. In the construction of the Mission's many buildings he has served as architect, carpenter, plumber, and painter. He is a clever cartoonist and his capable surgeon's hands can repair anything."

As early as 1915—when in Labrador only three years—Harry Paddon had begun to advocate, as a means of preserving health, the development of agricultural plots wherever soil permitted and his son has followed his example.

"Our gardens continued to expand steadily until about the middle fifties when we concluded that cattle were no longer economic in view of the improved service for importing milk," he told me. "Once we gave up the farmyard we lost our source of animal manure so we have somewhat reduced our activity to the point where we can obtain enough poultry refuse, seaweed, and so forth, to compost. Since the supply is limited our gardens are



One of the tumbling streams of south Labrador
I. Hustich

Dr Tony Paddon in a flourishing vegetable garden at North West River in the summer of 1960
Julien LeBourdais

And a 17-pound cabbage. In the background is the school building C. W. Cave

also, but we do pretty well and we can say that Labrador potatoes keep better; and although we may be prejudiced, we think they taste different and much better. We can grow all the ordinary root vegetables, and with the advent of deep freeze such things as broccoli, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, peas and the like, are quite practical in Labrador and poultry can actually be made to pay on an economic basis."

Fur trade days are largely over at North West River. As at other places, the Hudson's Bay Company now refers to its one-time trading post as a store. Self-serve, its wares are no different from those in most general stores across Canada. Its manager, successor to Donald Smith, has nothing like the authority that his famous predecessor possessed. North West River is now a "Local Improvement Community" governed by an elected Council, one of whom is chosen as chairman. The 1961 census

A block of labradorite marks the grave of Dr Harry Paddon, overlooking Lake Melville *Julien LeBourdais*

reported a population of 753 persons, of whom 329 were of Indian and Eskimo origin.

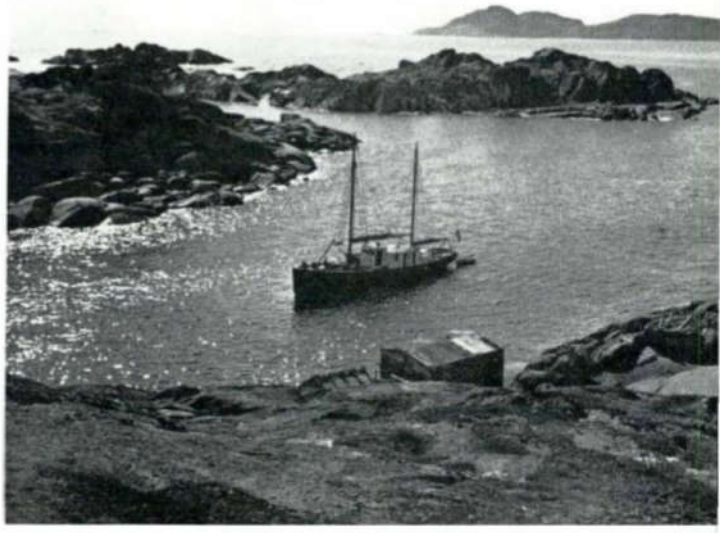
Perhaps the greatest change is in the field of communications. Donald Smith maintained his extensive correspondence by means of two mails a year. Now there are two round-trip flights each week from Montreal to Goose Bay (about twenty miles from North West River) carrying passengers, express, and mail. Telegrams are handled for all outside points and there is normal telephone service.

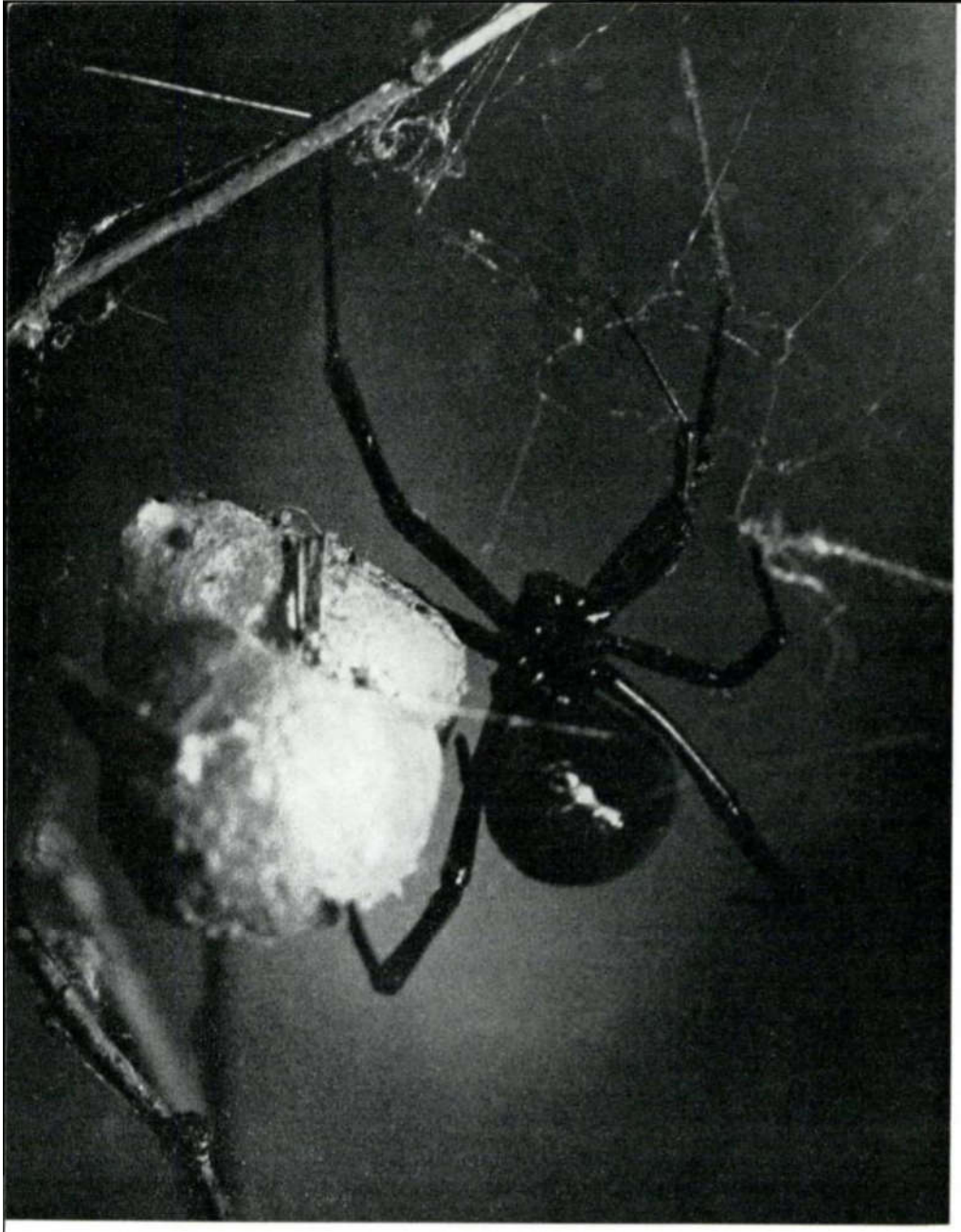
From a certain standpoint, North West River might be considered a somewhat backward community in that it has no industry and its people earn less on the average than those of Happy Valley, for example, which serves as a dormitory town for the Goose Bay air base. Some eke out their income by fishing, hunting, and backyard agriculture. Expensive speed boats, motor cars, television sets and other "status symbols" are conspicuous by their absence; but homes have a permanent appearance and, as a whole, the place has a well-established look.

The Grenfell Mission, providing a living for twelve or fifteen families, is perhaps the largest single employer, with the nearby United States base (not to be confused with Goose Bay) employing nearly an equal number. The Hudson's Bay Company is still, though on a smaller scale, an important employer. Prospecting, surveying and other activities associated with mining provide work for an increasing number of persons, and acting as fishing or hunting guides in summer is also an increasing source of income.

As in most frontier regions, mining seems to be the first new industry that may become established in a big way. In 1953, the Newfoundland Government granted to British Newfoundland Corporation concessions covering the development of mineral, hydro-electric power and timber over large sections of Labrador; and the company, through a subsidiary, now maintains a considerable establishment at North West River. While none of its prospects has yet developed into a mine, indications are said to be promising. Timber resources in the neighbourhood are extensive and are estimated to be capable of supporting two pulp and paper plants; while power resources, when utilized, could drive the turbines for a large industrial complex. ◆

Hospital ship of the International Grenfell Association on the coast north of Hamilton Inlet, some years ago *I. Hustich*





Left: The black widow spider with its egg sac. On its abdomen is a red hour-glass shaped mark which shows in the picture as a white spot

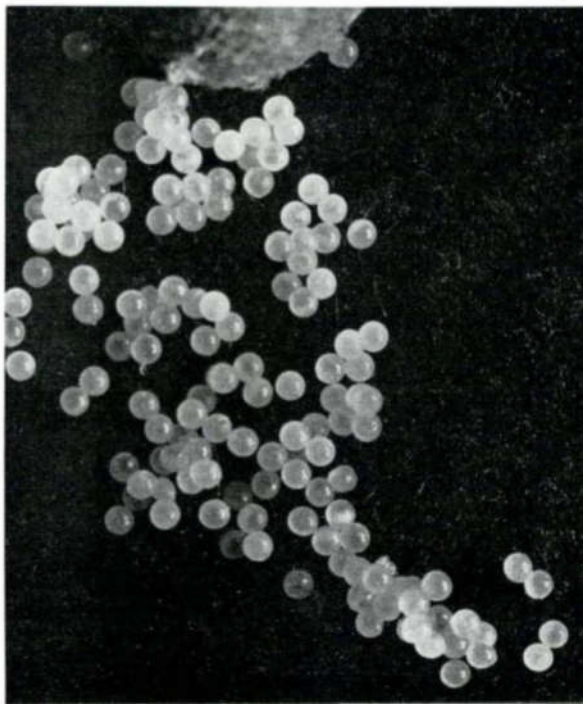
Below: If the egg sac of the black widow is opened, the pearl-like eggs drop out, and there may be as many as three hundred in a single sac

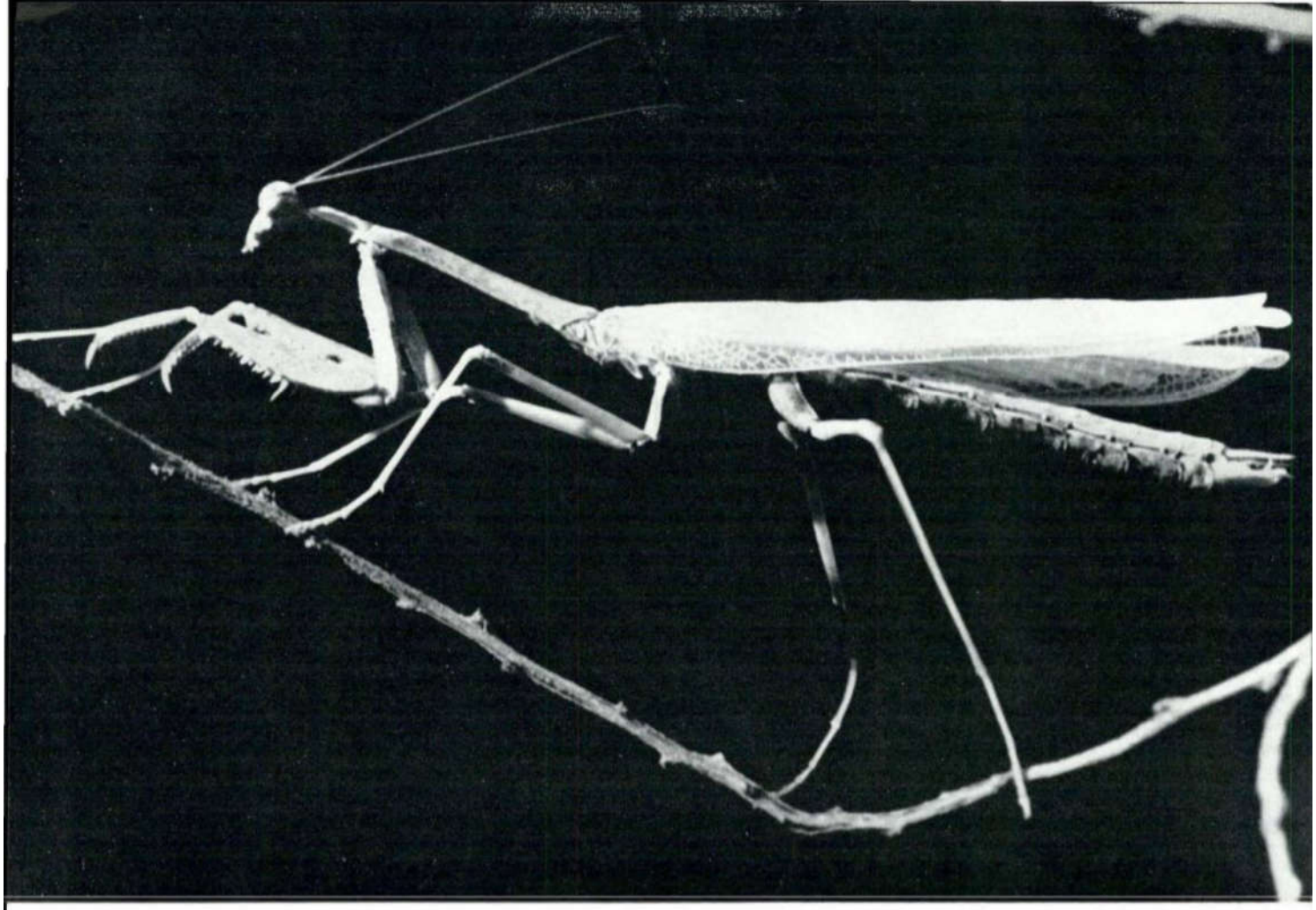
Right: The male praying mantis, a stream-lined and very agile insect. It is brown in colour with iridescent green and brown wings

INSECT ENEMIES

BY REDVERS CAVENDISH

The nature photographs of Mr Cavendish of Canmore, Alberta, have been widely exhibited. He has made a specialty of microphotography.





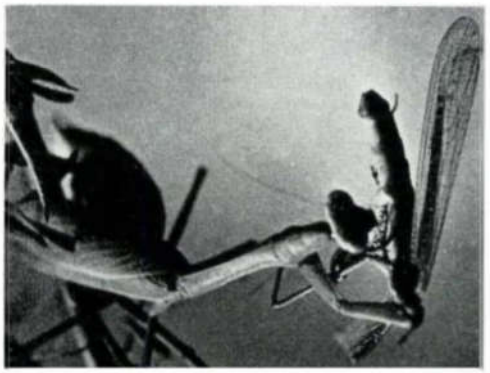
MANY different kinds of spiders are found in the summer through the prairies of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Vicious as so many of them look, they are harmless to man. The one exception is a wanderer from the south which is establishing itself slowly but surely along the southern border: the black widow. A bite from one of these spiders is always dangerous and may even be fatal. I had the experience of being bitten on the lip but I was fortunate in being within one block of a hospital where treatment was given. The symptoms are painful, with swellings in armpits and groins. The effects of the bite wear off in about four days, if taken in hand immediately.

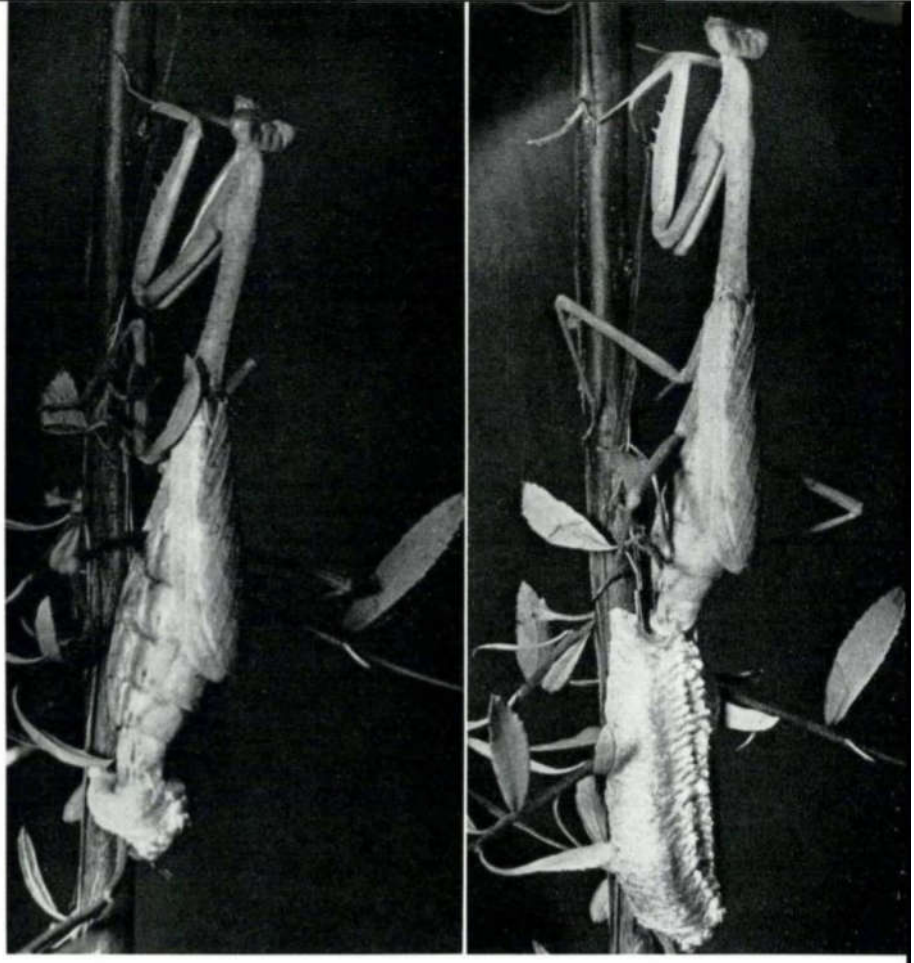
The black widow is a smooth, black, glossy spider, round in shape, carrying a distinctive red hour-glass marking on the underside of its abdomen. This mark, in a young spider, may look like a tiny red cross. Black widow spiders frequent dark cellars and may be found under porches and steps, in dark hollows, sometimes in discarded tin cans on garbage piles. They will jump to attack and I have seen them jump at sticks a distance of nine to fifteen inches. The thread they spin makes the best hair lines in telescopic sights. Their egg sacs are made in late summer and autumn and the young spiders hatch out in late spring. Each egg sac contains a great many eggs (numbered in hundreds) that, seen under magnification, look like pearls.

The black widow has an enemy who is ever on the prowl. This ally of man is the praying mantis, *Mantis religiosa*, an insect that deserves protection in Canada for the services it renders in keeping black widow spiders in check as well as destroying great numbers of flies, grasshoppers, and caterpillars. It owes its name to the curious position it takes while waiting for prey. It rests motionless on its four rear limbs while with head and fore part of body raised its two front limbs are held outwards in a devotional attitude.

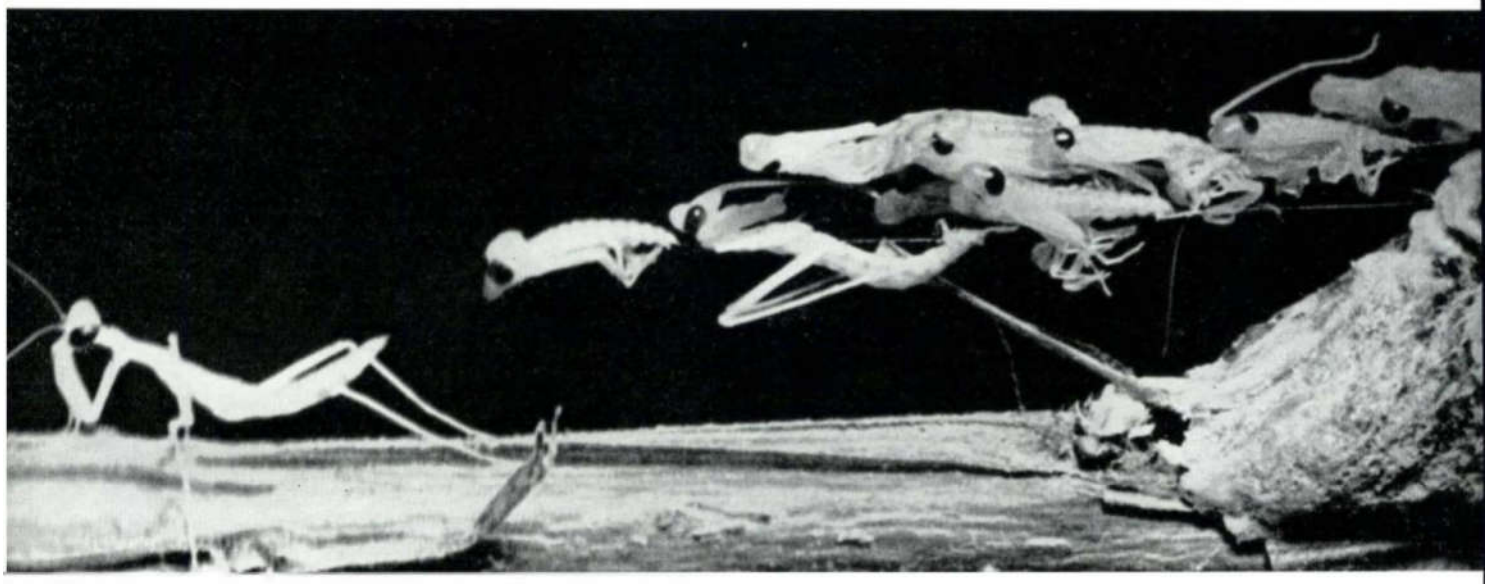
The male praying mantis is much more streamlined than the light green female and is of a darker hue, sometimes almost brown. The mantids mate in late summer and after mating the female devours the male. Days later she finds a strong stem or branch of a bush and on it deposits a sticky substance that hardens on contact with the air. Next she churns up with the lower part of

After mating, the female mantis devours the male





A frothy substance is worked into an egg case within which the eggs are laid in tiers. The egg case, finished and sealed, dries rapidly hardening into a woody substance



her abdomen a frothy substance, working it upwards in a mass; in this she deposits her eggs, in layers. The time taken from start to finish in egg laying is from an hour to an hour and a half depending, it seems, on weather conditions at the time. If the weather is warm, the froth hardens more quickly into an egg case that looks as if it has a tile roof. The egg case is left, firmly glued to its twig, through the winter. After egg laying, some praying

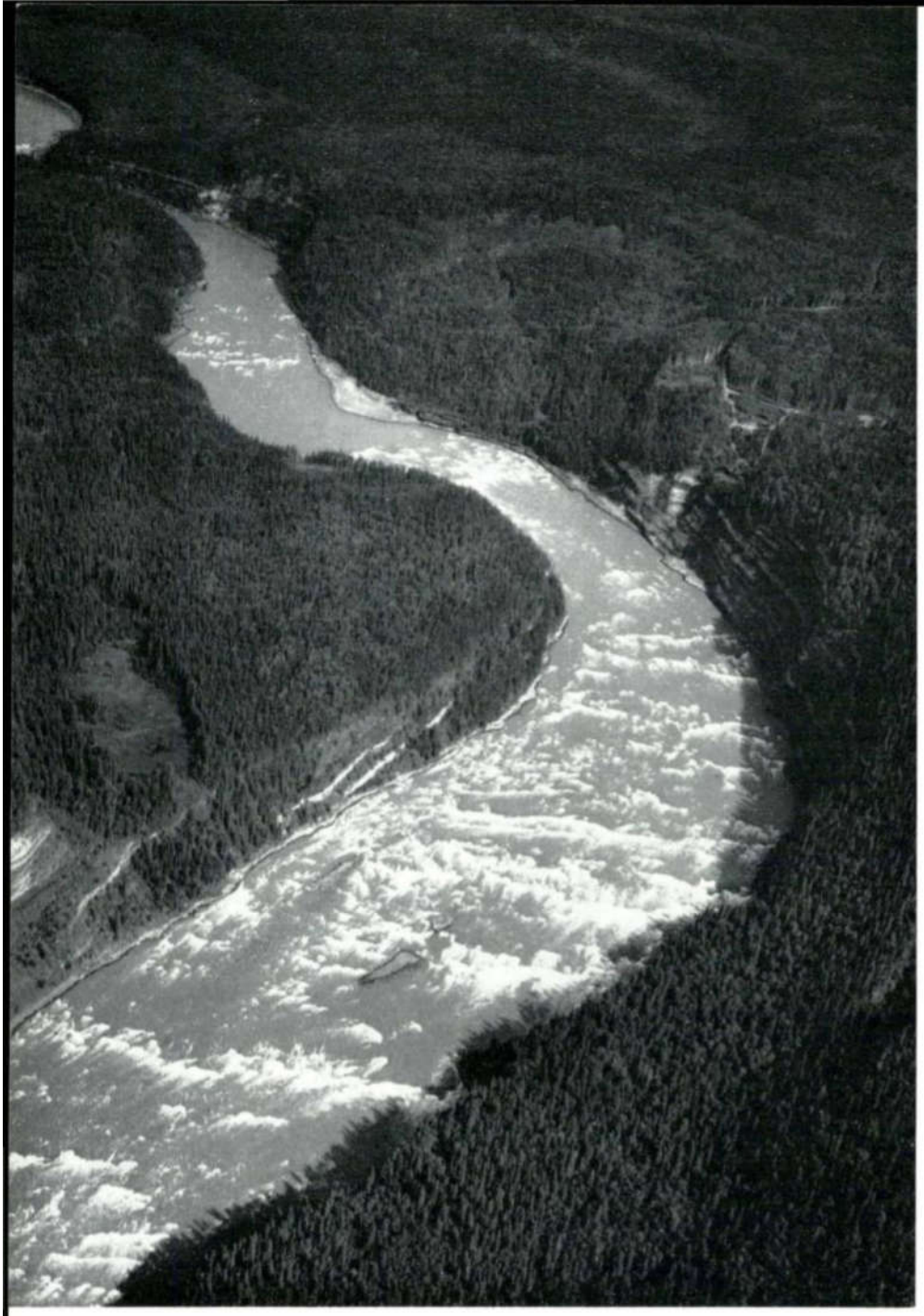
mantises destroy themselves; they start by eating their back feet, continue to the abdomen, when they die and fall to the ground.

In the spring the eggs hatch in a unique manner. I have had as many as twenty cases under observation and only once have I been fortunate enough to see the mantis young emerge. They shoot out and forward in a steady stream and in five minutes the case is empty. These nymphs are like adults but without wings. They have tremendous strength for their size and will grip the end of a pencil so firmly that it is quite hard to pull it away. I have counted as many as one hundred and ten nymphs emerge from one egg case and this does not include many that escaped me in their rapid emergence. The newly hatched mantises hurry to the underside of leaves where they spend the next six or seven days feeding by night on aphids and other small insects. Growing in strength they eat moths and caterpillars, which they consume in great numbers. As it develops, the young mantis fastens itself to the underside of a leaf, standing on its back feet, its two front legs extended rigidly in front of it. In this position it may spend the night until its back splits open and it sheds its skin in its original shape and comes out a new insect and starts devouring other insects. This shedding of the old skin for the new takes place four times before maturity. Such is the predatory praying mantis, an enemy to the black widow but a valuable friend to man in the insect world. ◆

Above: The growing mantis moults and this one is in the act of emerging from its old skin

Left: In early spring the mantis young shoot out of the egg case in a steady stream. They resemble adults but have no wings, and their legs are quite transparent. There were more than 200 in this sac.

Right: A spider is doomed. Cautiously moving down the stem the praying mantis dives down at the black widow, catching it below the abdomen and holding it securely in her grasp, the mouth of the spider turned away from her while she devours it



Through the Canyon

BY JOHN S. LEITCH

Travellers have made their way through the Rockies by the Peace River route since the time of Alexander Mackenzie but invariably they have remarked that the canyon (where the river drops some 225 feet in little over 20 miles) was impassable and have followed the old Indian portage trail round the fierce rapids. Mr Leitch, retired engineer and land surveyor, is the last survivor of the group who made the memorable and unique trip about which he writes.

The Peace River canyon looking downstream
B.C. Hydro & Power Authority

THERE were four members in the party that set out from Cornwall, Ontario, in February 1903. We were going to prospect for coal in the Peace River pass, which was being considered as a northerly route for a second transcontinental railway. The chief of the party, a civil engineer named Davies, had worked through the pass with the government geological survey a few years earlier and had found seams of what appeared to be excellent coal up a small stream that flowed into the Canyon. If the railway went that way the coal field might have great commercial possibilities. The rest of the party were Hugh Campbell, a geologist from the Dominion Coal Company, who was known as "The Captain"; Bob Smith, a British Columbia land surveyor, in charge of surveying the coal claims; and I was the assistant surveyor and the moneas (tenderfoot) of the outfit.

Outfitting and provisioning at the H B C in Edmonton, we travelled with one of the Company's winter freighters to Peace River Crossing. The distance by the winter road was about 450 miles; we left Edmonton on February 27th and reached the Crossing on March 14th—considered very good time for a freight team. Twelve miles up river from Peace River Crossing our freighter left us at the farm of Ali Brick and his Cree wife where we stayed several days. The Chief bought four good Indian ponies and a couple of light bob sleighs, and he hired Alexis, a Cree, to look after the ponies. Alexis spoke little English but he was a fine specimen, tall and well built, a good riverman and horseman, a real axeman, and a big asset to the party.

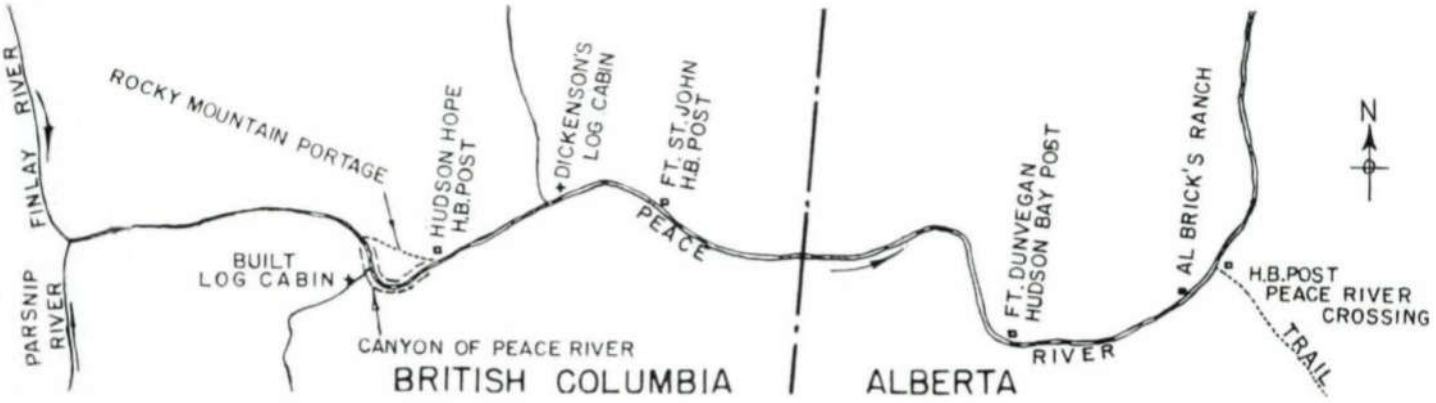
We started up the Peace River on March 20th, taking turns breaking trail for the horses through the deep snow and it took us five days to cover the fifty miles to the post at Fort Dunvegan. From there the going was even worse and we did not reach the H B C post of Fort St. John, about 150 miles away, until April 7th. There, Mr Beaton gave us a great dinner of potatoes and moose meat and we thoroughly enjoyed the warmth and comfort of sleeping on the floor of his living room after the icy camps on the river. During the night a Chinook wind licked away the snow and we had good going on the ice and travelled fast to Hudson Hope. On the way we came to a settler's shack. It belonged to an English trapper, George Dickenson, who had squatted on a fine timbered point of land that he intended to clear for a farm. We could use another man and Dickenson decided to join us as cook, axeman, and general helper.

We reached Hudson Hope on April 10th and camped on the south bank of the river where the grazing was good for the ponies. Hudson Hope, set up in 1804 as a base for Simon Fraser's journeys, was a very small trading outpost at the east end of Rocky Mountain Portage, open only during the winter fur season. We were made welcome by Mr McDiarmid of the H B C and here, where our explorations of the Canyon were to begin, we left letters to be sent out at the first opportunity.

The next day the Chief decided we should explore the Canyon on foot before risking the horses and outfit on the ice, which was already showing signs of breaking up. We found three or four rocky islands above the entrance to the Canyon and the ice was in good condition for travelling. Through this part of the Canyon, the scenery was rough and rugged with cutbanks and some deep ravines running back from the river. It proved a regular paradise for our geologist with its many clean rock face exposures. Some miles up we passed through a very narrow part of the Canyon which was about 150 feet wide with perpendicular rock walls. We called this part the Pillar Gates on account of several rock pillars on each side. The current evidently rushed through this channel so rapidly that the ice was heaved in the centre but not broken up. Above the Pillar Gates, the Canyon widened out and the banks sloped to the water's edge and there was a nice growth of timber on the north bank. We had lunch at the mouth of a small stream flowing in from the south and here there was a cutbank of shale 400 or 500 feet high which could be seen from the Pillar Gates. About a mile farther on, around a high perpendicular point of rock, a good sized rocky island appeared in the centre of the channel. The ice seemed to be getting pretty thin at this point and there was open water between the island and the shore. Several miles beyond this we came upon the first seam of coal. It was only about 12 inches in width but appeared to be of very good quality. This find of course greatly encouraged the Captain. It was getting late in the afternoon and we turned back to camp well satisfied with our first day up the Canyon.

Next day was Easter Sunday and Mr McDiarmid had us all to dinner at the Post, where it was a treat to have real bread and potatoes after our monotonous diet of bacon, beans and bannock on the trail. In the afternoon, Alexis reported that the ponies had left their grazing grounds and had taken off down the river. Three of us took after them but the ponies had not been hobbled and, although we came up with them several times, no amount of cajoling or coaxing with proffered oats would induce them to be caught. With darkness coming on, we had to abandon them. We afterwards learnt that they kept on going until they reached their former owners above Peace River Crossing. This of course was a bad setback. We figured we had only 15 miles to go up the Canyon to the stream where Mr Davies had observed the coal seams and we had planned to use the ponies as pack horses when the snow was gone in the mountains. We had to make the best of it so we knocked the sleighs apart and put a rough platform of poles on the front bobs of each sleigh, loaded them with about 400 pounds each and hauled the outfit ourselves. This was really heavy, strenuous work and it took us four days to reach the place Davies had seen the small coal seams. Our destination turned out to be a beautiful mountain stream with a nice narrow wooded valley where it entered the Canyon from the south. We camped a short distance up the stream in a fine grove of spruce and poplar.

The Captain thought there would be several weeks of prospecting from this campsite before we could survey any claims and it was decided to build a log cabin for headquarters. There was plenty of suitable timber on



the site and it only took us two days to put up a comfortable log shack 12 feet by 16 feet with a rain-tight roof of split spruce logs and spruce bark. We used cheese cloth for the windows.

It was now about the middle of April with considerable snow still in the mountains and the Captain decided we should prospect through the Canyon while the ice still held. We made a very early start next morning, packing enough grub to last the four of us overnight. We found the ice still very good, thick along the foot of the cliffs with here and there wide cracks in the centre of the channel. The river was open where rapids occurred but in places we could cross over safely from side to side so that we were able to prospect both banks of the Canyon. The Captain and I took one side and Mr Davies and Bob the other. In some places, the cutbanks were perpendicular for several hundred feet clearly showing many layers of strata, mostly sandstone, shale and slate. We found eight small seams of coal, none over two feet ten inches in width, and the Captain pronounced the coal to be of excellent quality. This made us all happy. We lunched about eight miles up the Canyon from our camp at the mouth of a stream coming in from the south. It had cut a narrow channel in the rock not more than twenty feet in width and its banks on each side were perpendicular solid rock for at least several hundred feet in height. We started to prospect up this canyon when we heard a roar like thunder and stopped dead in our tracks, to witness a fall of ice and rock. The sun and mild weather were getting in their work and it did not take us long to get out of that canyon. We continued to prospect through the main Canyon and reached the west end about three o'clock in the afternoon. Here, there was quite a steep waterfall in a narrow channel between rock banks. Above this fall, the river widened and the banks had a more gentle slope so we realized we were completely through the Canyon. From all accounts, we were the only white men ever to go through the Canyon on foot. The Indians always avoided it. We returned safely to camp and were glad to get under cover as it had started to rain. This was the first warm rain of the spring and it lasted for several days, clearing the snow away rapidly.

For the next few weeks, we prospected the streams and ravines for some miles from our base camp and in a cutbank of a small stream coming into the Canyon several miles east of our base the Captain found a seam of excellent bituminous coal, nine feet wide. We uncovered this seam for about 100 feet so that the Captain was able to get the strike and dip fairly accurately. After several days work the Captain and Bob figured how the claims should be staked to cover as much of this seam as possible. Early in May we started the survey of the claims. The survey was real hard work and before it was over I had become an expert axeman. The nearest claim was over two miles from the cabin so we camped right on the job. George Dickenson had proved to be a good bush cook but our supplies were running short so every man worked on the survey. Bob Smith, the land surveyor, ran the transit and the job, the Captain and Mr Davies were chainmen and picketmen, Alexis, Dickenson and I were the axemen. It was tough going, up hill and down dale with plenty of big trees to cut, but we managed to average a mile a day of cut line. As the weather was very good during May, we finished the survey work on June 3rd.

We were then faced with the problem of how to get out of the Canyon when we had no pack horses to carry our outfit and we could see that the Canyon was full of very dangerous rapids. It was finally decided that we should build a raft, run the rapids and drift down the river to Peace River Crossing. As soon as we got back to the cabin we started to build the raft.

We cut the logs for the raft, selecting dry dead spruce trees wherever we could find them. The logs were approximately ten to twelve inches in diameter and we cut them thirty feet long. We could not handle logs any larger and get them down our stream. The Peace River was now in full flood and fully ten to twelve feet higher than at low water. A lovely eddy had formed at the mouth of our stream and, once we were able to get the logs into the water, we had an ideal piece of quiet water for building the raft. We had a two-inch auger with a long shaft and plenty of three-quarter inch rope. The raft, when com-

pleted, was thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. We cut thirty logs and built a two layer raft so that in quiet water we could ride high and dry. Boring the holes in the logs was slow work and it took us several days to build the raft. When the raft was finished, we had a staunch, strong craft, well trenailed with two-inch tough alderwood pegs and bound with three-quarter inch rope. We fashioned a long steering oar and two shorter oars; the long oar was mounted at the end of the raft and the shorter oars were mounted on each side, all very well anchored. We then loaded the raft; first we put on about two hundred pounds of sample coal from the big seam, carefully bagged and loaded in the centre of the raft. Our camp equipment and dunnage were loaded round the coal and all was covered with a tarpaulin and well lashed down. We had two collie dogs belonging to Dickenson and they were also securely tied to the raft. The river in front of our stream was running smooth and very swift (we estimated it at about ten miles an hour) and farther down the Canyon we could see the white waters of rapids.

Monday June 7th was the day we set to run the Canyon and we completed the loading and lashing and turned the bow of our craft out of our quiet eddy, homeward bound. We got under way in a happy and confident mood and in a few minutes were in the centre of the river tearing along at a great rate. Alexis and Bob manned the steering oar and the rest of us were on the side oars, ready to obey any commands of Alexis, who had been made captain of the craft. The first rapids swept our craft with immense swells and we were soaked by the ice cold waves that broke over us. The raft handled well and we passed safely the first rapids and we were still feeling quite happy, when suddenly Alexis shouted at us to row. We tore into the oars. He was trying to get the raft nearer the centre of the flood but we couldn't make much progress. He yelled again for everybody to grab a rope and hang on. We were not slow to obey. We went over a straight fall of about ten feet but to us it seemed at least fifty feet. We went over like a shot out of a gun and for a minute or so we were completely submerged, with a tremendous weight of ice cold water pounding us like the hammer of Thor. We were all flat on our bellies, holding on for dear life like a lot of half drowned rats, and chilled to the bone. Our raft, of course, was heavily loaded and was not buoyant enough to rise quickly after we had gone over the falls. Consequently, the nose of the raft had shoved through the wall of water at the foot of the falls and the weight of water had kept us completely submerged.

Immediately below the waterfall there was a wild stretch of white rapids and our craft got completely out of control. It drifted broadside in the trough of the mountain-like waves of the rapids which broke over us continually. For some minutes it was utterly terrifying. However, as soon as we could get our feet under us, Alexis got the steering oar manned again, yanked the raft around, and headed us straight on into the turmoil of the rushing waters. The two dogs, which had been lashed on by their collars, had taken a bad beating and now started to howl and whine in a most doleful tune which did not help our deflated spirits. The next few miles were a succession of white water rapids, roaring and swirling as if trying to tear our raft to pieces, sometimes breaking over us so that we had to cling tightly to the lashings. This was the worst part of our passage.

After this rapids section was passed, the going was smoother as we rushed on to the narrowest part of the Canyon, which we had named the Pillar Gates. The whole volume of the mighty Peace River passed through that narrow channel between perpendicular rock walls. The channel could not have been more than 150 feet wide and the speed of the river was at least twenty miles an hour. The water was not rough except for long deep swells which we rode very nicely. The water rushed with a smooth undulating motion and appeared to be heaped at least four feet higher in the centre than at the sides of the Canyon's rock walls. The Gates were probably about one-half-mile long and we tore along about the centre of the gorge, with the rush of water making a sort of deep swishing sound which was not unpleasant. For the time being, we were not washed by icy waves and we could almost relax. The dogs had quit their howling and we really enjoyed this part of the run.

After the passage of the Pillar Gates, we ran into a succession of white water rapids which were not nearly as rough as the ones we had passed through. Our real problem now was to avoid running aground and being stranded on one of the small rocky islands in the channel, which had widened out very considerably. This took a great deal of hard rowing on the part of the crew and good steering by Alexis and Bob. We had some near misses but at last we were clear of the Canyon and opposite Hudson Hope. Altogether, it had taken us one and one-quarter hours to run the Canyon part of our journey. So far as we could learn, we were the only men who had ever run that length of the Canyon.

From there on, it was plain sailing or drifting down the Peace River with no rapids or canyons ahead. With a brightly shining sun and a warm June day, we soon dried out and could laugh over our experiences. But, without exception, I am sure we were all mighty thankful to be out of the Canyon of the Peace River. ◆

Man or spirit?
To this day I do not know
But they say (the old ones in the winter houses
And the summer tents
Who recall children born in igloos
And store up legends in their heads)
That succouring apparitions
Do appear out of the heart of a blow
When the hunter is at the point of death
When wind and cold have drawn all but
The last breath out of his freezing lungs
They say (the elders)
That the spirit that walks like a man
Looms out of nowhere and guides him home
(If in no way he has offended or made light of
Who knows what gods?)

The old people know this tale
Of the spirit that walks
In a blow
Leaving no trace; a face yet no face
Leaving no sound in the ground

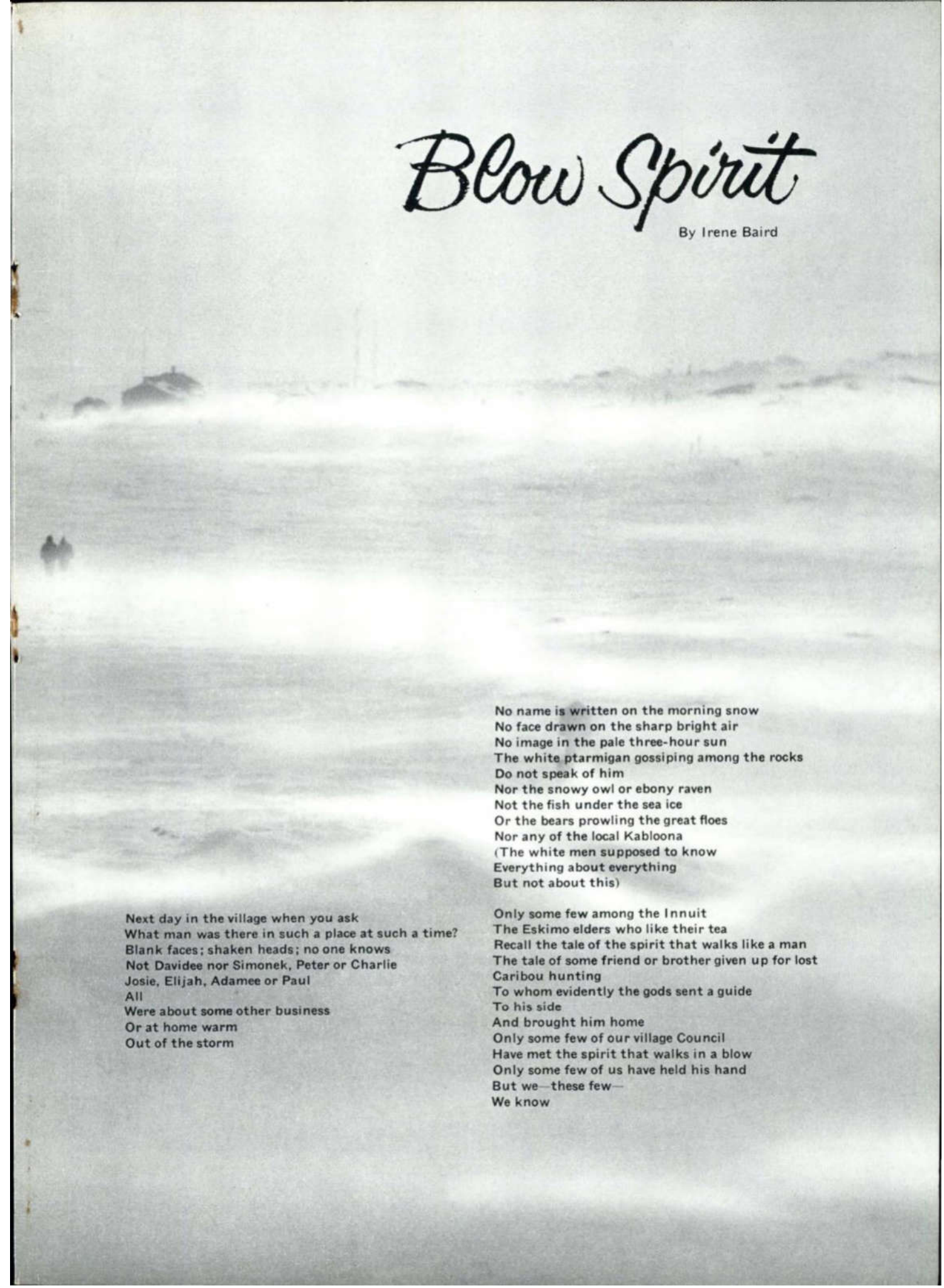
It is tales like this that legends breed on
That happen to the lucky ones
Who come back to tell
It does not matter that you are believed
Or disbelieved
You know the thing or man was there
The arm to guide, the tracks to follow
The reaching home

I have seen the blow spirit
Looked into the face of facelessness
In a place without houses, halls, or barns
Without light to follow or tracks to turn back on
Where some god filled with power and mischief
Has lifted and carried away (as in a dream)
The roof and walls there an hour ago
Before the blow
Before the wind came up and the snow came down
And a building no longer gives shelter
Because it can no longer be found

This is a meeting without word, or name, or recognition
Simply the likeness of a man when the black whistling cold
Beats the head deeper into its parka hood
Stinging the sunken face
Drawing the knees down to the drifts
And the great drowsiness, the last quiet numbing
The peace of stopping this blind plunging
In circles
That cannot lead the feet home
The face toward light
Or the ears toward voices
You remember such a night
And such a meeting

Blow Spirit

By Irene Baird



No name is written on the morning snow
No face drawn on the sharp bright air
No image in the pale three-hour sun
The white ptarmigan gossiping among the rocks
Do not speak of him
Nor the snowy owl or ebony raven
Not the fish under the sea ice
Or the bears prowling the great floes
Nor any of the local Kabloona
(The white men supposed to know
Everything about everything
But not about this)

Next day in the village when you ask
What man was there in such a place at such a time?
Blank faces; shaken heads; no one knows
Not Davidee nor Simonek, Peter or Charlie
Josie, Elijah, Adamee or Paul
All
Were about some other business
Or at home warm
Out of the storm

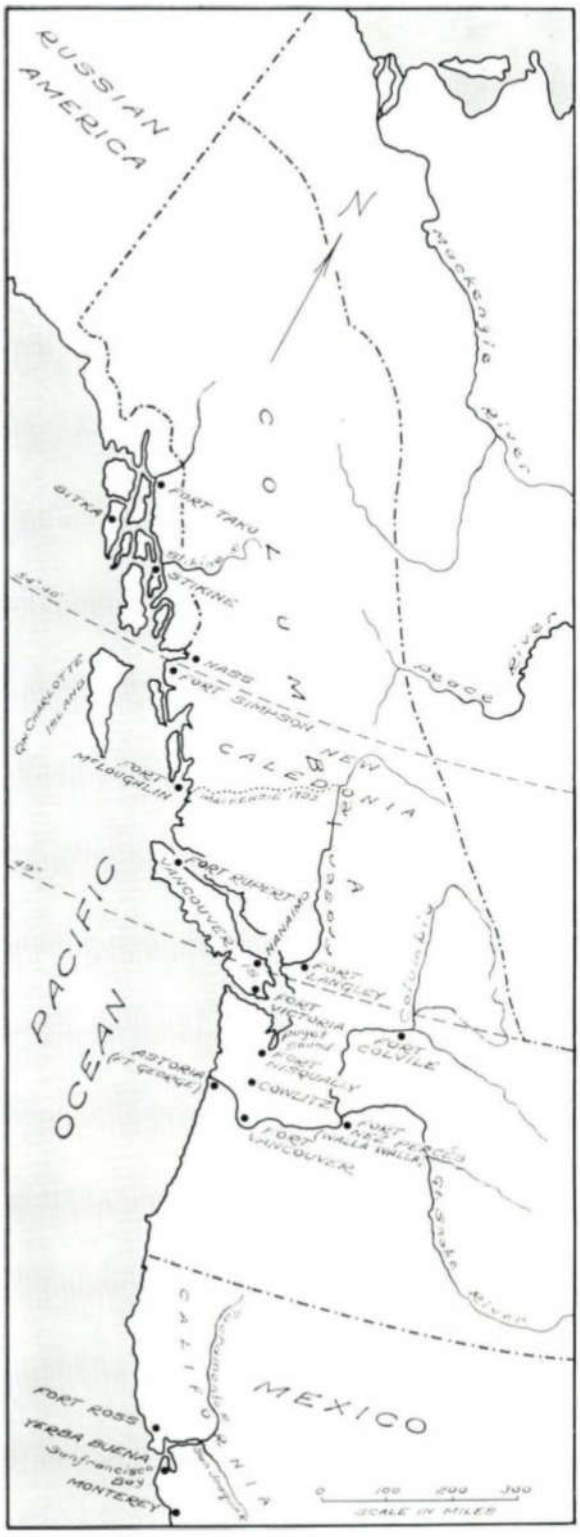
Only some few among the Innuit
The Eskimo elders who like their tea
Recall the tale of the spirit that walks like a man
The tale of some friend or brother given up for lost
Caribou hunting
To whom evidently the gods sent a guide
To his side
And brought him home
Only some few of our village Council
Have met the spirit that walks in a blow
Only some few of us have held his hand
But we—these few—
We know

SWIRL OF NATIONS

The Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast to the mid nineteenth century

BY DONALD SAGE

Mr Sage is a teacher of social studies in Vancouver, B.C., with a particular interest in the history of the northwest



Sketch map of the Pacific coast of northwest America based on maps of the 1830s and 1850s showing the extent of the Columbia District and the Mexican border as it was before the treaty of 1848.

THE role of the Hudson's Bay Company in the struggle to win control of the North Pacific area was particularly significant. Originally England and Spain contended for domination in the area now known as British Columbia. Almost as soon as the Spanish explorers began competing with the English sea captains it became evident that Spanish power was too insecure to offer serious competition. As the memorial reminds the Vancouver tourist walking along Marine Drive near the University of British Columbia not far from where Captain Vancouver met two Spanish vessels in 1792: "It was dawn for Britain but twilight for Spain."

It was indeed the eclipse of Spanish power in the North Pacific but soon other nations were to rise to challenge Britain's position. Russia for centuries had been expanding eastward across Siberia towards the Pacific Ocean. Russians reached the Sea of Okhotsk in 1640. By 1741 the Russians came to Alaska. They visited the deep fog-infested fiords of the American mainland and upon these discoveries Russia based her claims to that region.

This Russian expansion provoked a reaction from the Spanish in Mexico. In 1769 the Spanish moved to colonize Alta California to create a buffer state against the oncoming Muscovites. For the Russians in the next thirty years the problems of supplying food and equipment for the Alaskan and eastern Asiatic garrisons became increasingly serious. To the difficulties of transportation over immense distances were added those of growing cereals in such high latitudes. In 1799 the Russian American Fur Company was formed and given a renewable twenty-year charter, with exclusive rights to trade north of 55°. Seven years later the Russians sailed down to San Francisco and in 1812 established Fort Ross which they occupied for thirty years.

By a ukase of 1821 the Russian government prohibited all foreign ships from access to the coast north of 51° latitude. This ukase was not observed by the American traders from Boston who were in search of the famous sea otters. In February 1839 the Hudson's Bay Company worked out a *modus vivendi* with the Russian American Fur Company whereby the former was permitted access by sea to the heads of the fiords where the boundary line between British North America and Russian America was located, and trading rights. In return the Hudson's Bay Company paid for this privilege by 2,000 land otter skins annually and agreed to supply at fixed prices produce raised at the Company's farms at Forts Vancouver and Nisqually.

It was the men of the Highland-Scottish dominated North West Company from Montreal who first explored British Columbia. Alexander Mackenzie, searching for a passage by land to the Pacific, had followed his great river to the Arctic. On the day the Bastille fell in Revolutionary France, he was encamped at the northern sea. Four years later, in 1793, he crossed the mountains by the Peace River valley and reached the west coast. Near Bella Coola his weary men watched while the Nor'Wester painted his "brief memorial" on a rock: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land."

Little of the southern interior of British Columbia was known until the journeys of the fur-trading geographer David Thompson in the upper Columbia River area. As in the case of the Lewis and Clark Expedition when Sacajawca was of the utmost value David Thompson made great use of Indian and half-breed guides. Still another Nor'Wester—Simon Fraser—one of the seven Simon Frasers known to the fur trade records, with a party of twenty-three, struggled down the Fraser canyons to river mouth—near the Musqueam Indian village. Fraser had only sufficient time to visit the village, ascertain the latitude and determine that the river was not the Columbia before the hostile Musqueams were chasing him and his men back up the river that July day in 1808. Fraser's remarkable feat of guiding his men safely through the terrors of Hell's Gate and back again was notable because it formed the basis of the English claim to the southwestern part of the mainland of British Columbia. The Nor'Westers had located the routes of prime importance west of the Rocky Mountains. It was now the responsibility of the British overland fur traders to establish posts at strategic places throughout the region to collect the great wealth in furs.

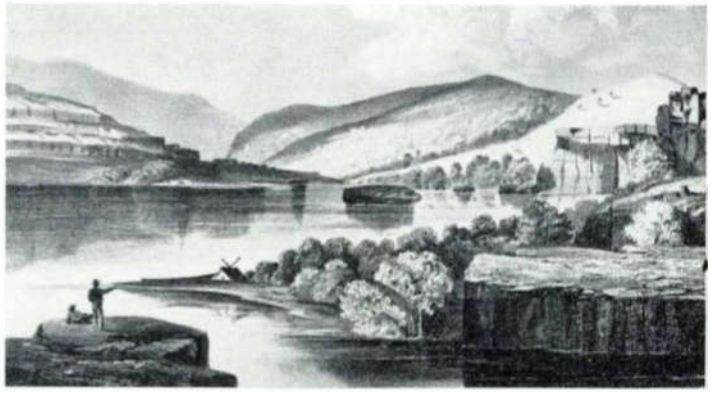
The golden age of the Hudson's Bay Company in western British North America was during the administration of the most celebrated governor of that region, George Simpson. Joining the Company in 1820, when he was about thirty-four, he rose rapidly, becoming Governor of the Northern Department in 1821 and five years later Acting Governor in Chief in North America. Simpson was most careful to check operation finances during his long inspectional trips throughout the West. Early he began to rule his domains with a ruthless business hand. The fur trade to survive and be profitable, was a hard cruel struggle which eliminated competitors. When they were too strong to be crushed outright Simpson would bargain with them. He did this with the Russian American Fur Company in 1839 but was unable to combat the censures of the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1857. This democratically-inspired Committee, under the chairmanship of the Colonial Secretary, Henry Labouchère, looked with critical eyes upon the despotic practices of the Hudson's Bay Company, especi-

ally as regards the suppression of attempts at popular government in Red River and on Vancouver Island.

Simpson's *Journal* of his trip to the Columbia in 1824-25 has been published. Professor Merk analysed Simpson's motivation in dealing with the Columbia problem thus: "At the time of writing this journal he was primarily interested in the task of rehabilitating the fur trade of one section of this vast empire, the Oregon Country, stretching westward from the Rocky Mountains to the sea and from California to Alaska." It was the northern part of the Oregon Country, called New Caledonia, which was to receive the great rush of American miners in 1858, and to a lesser extent in 1862 with the Cariboo rush. Unlike Rupert's Land where Simpson's control early became paramount, similar control in the Columbia Department was not possible, because of the terms of the Convention of 1818 which established the so-called Dual Control in the Oregon Territory, the problems of communication, and the temperament of Dr John McLoughlin. The Columbia had been a sort of no-man's-land whose sovereignty had been contested by four nations. Great Britain and the United States held Oregon (extending north to 54° 40′) under joint occupation after 1818 when they had failed to agree on a partition plan. After that date the nationals of both countries were entitled to trade freely in the area. The American interests were mainly along the coast whilst the British were those of the North West Company, later the reconstituted Hudson's Bay Company, with interior lines of communication across the continent to Montreal or to York Factory. American sea captains especially brought their vessels to the Columbia during the Napoleonic Wars while Britain was occupied elsewhere. The American trade between the Columbia, the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands, Sitka, and eastern Asia proved profitable indeed and many Boston fortunes were made in this period. By 1821 the supply of sea otter skins was severely depleted and only a few American sealing ships subsequently visited the Coast.

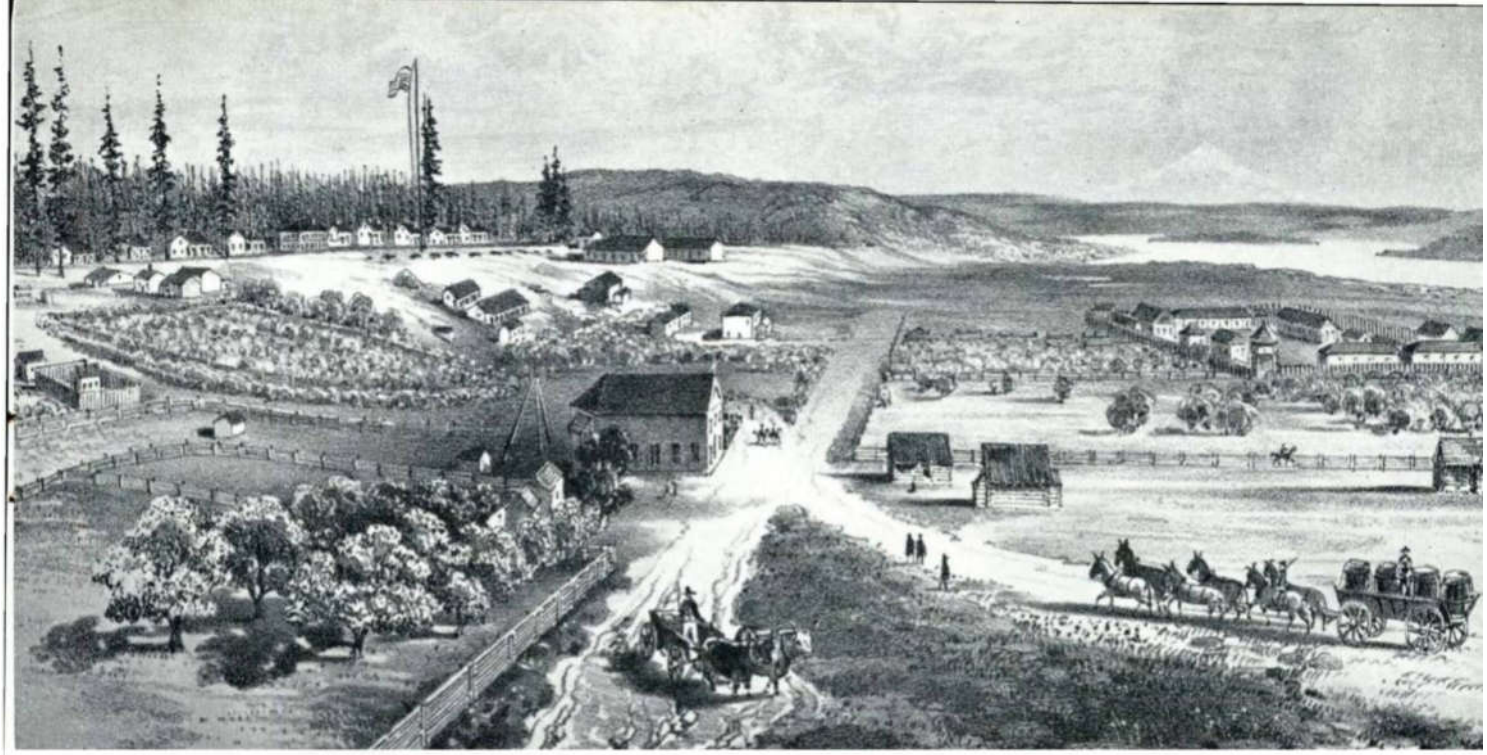
Simpson saw that his job was to salvage as much as was left of the depleted fur reserves of the Columbia Department. He had also to put the fur trade on a secure footing. In order to do this Simpson decided to inject discipline into the lax ways of the ex-Nor'Westers with their large families. The Pacific Fur Company of John Jacob Astor founded Astoria near the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811 but the Nor'Westers bought it out in 1813. The two British companies used Astoria, renamed Fort George, until 1821 and the Hudson's Bay Company alone until the establishment of Fort Vancouver in 1825.

Simpson's plan to revivify the Columbia Department was in complete agreement with the expressed wishes of the Governor and Committee of the Company in London. The international aspects were important in the Committee's decision to hold on to the Columbia, for Russian and American designs in that region were well known, and they thought the trading establishment should be maintained even though it was not very profitable. The Council of the Northern Department meeting at York Factory, decided in the spring of 1824 to appoint Chief Factors Alexander Kennedy, who had served in the district, and Dr John McLoughlin to the Columbia Department, the latter to take charge the next year. Governor Simpson made known his intention of travelling to the Columbia and spending the winter of 1824-5 in that region. Much to Governor Simpson's great pleasure his party, starting on 15 August, was able in September to overtake Dr McLoughlin who had left the Factory three weeks before the Governor. Continuing westward together they reached Fort George on 8 November, despite breaks in their journey. Between then and Simpson's departure in March 1825, he and the Chief Factor discussed and considered every aspect of the trade of the Columbia District.



Cape Horn on the Columbia River, some twenty miles above Fort Vancouver, from a sketch by J. M. Stanley

Governor Simpson while at Fort George took counsel with the leaders of the fur trade in the Columbia. He learnt much from John Work, Peter Skene Ogden and others. Essentially Simpson's double-edged program was to banish American and Russian trade from the Pacific Coast and secondly to achieve a drastic reorganization of the fur trade system in the Columbia Department. Within the next few years both of these objects had been



Fort Vancouver in 1853, after a sketch by G. Sohon. This was after the United States Army barracks had been set up on the hill to the left. Beyond a stretch of the Columbia River, Mount Hood can be seen

won. Another ambition was to drain dry of furs the territories south and east of the Columbia River which were likely to become American.

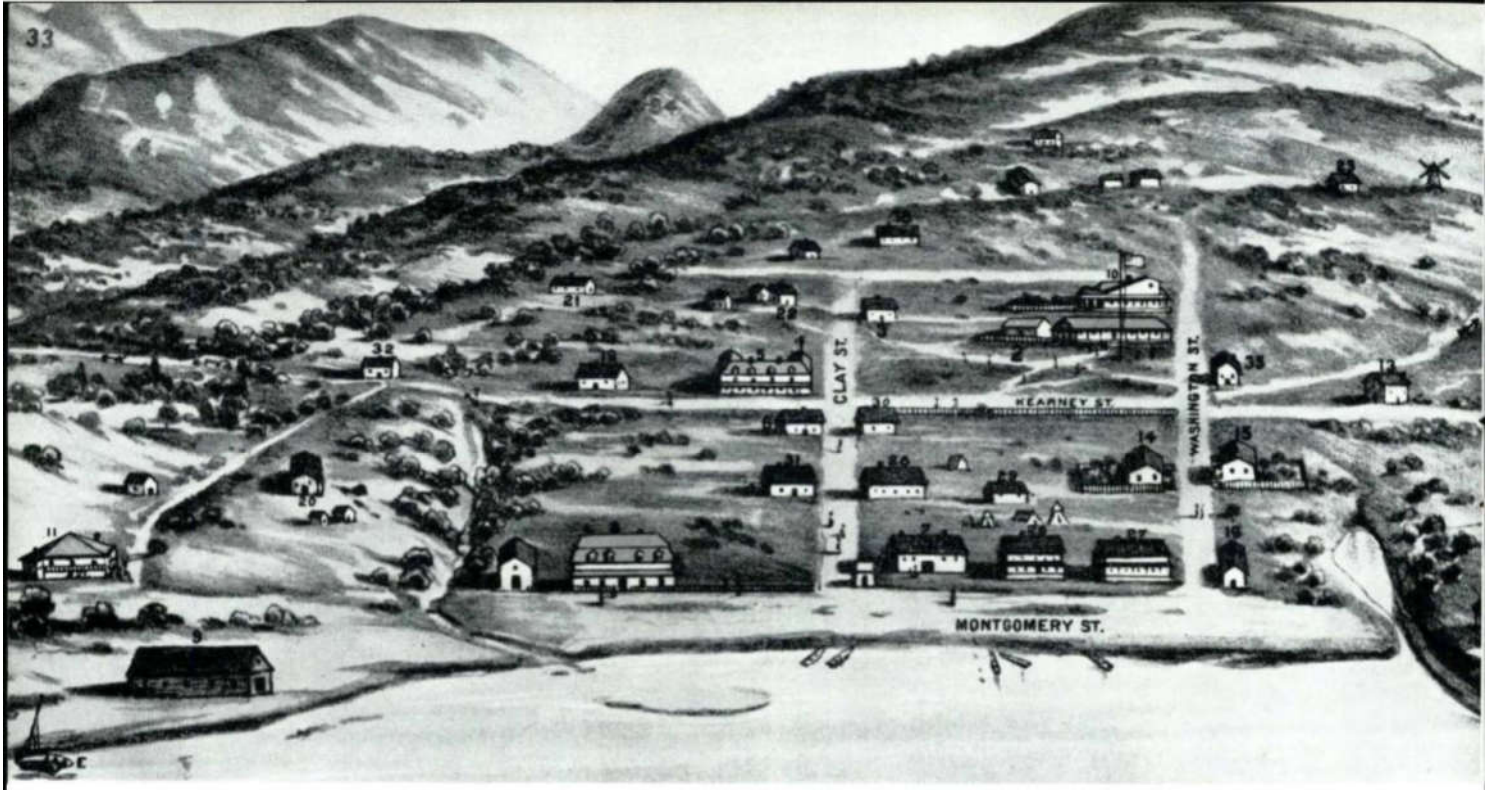
The Governor and Committee in London were interested in the overall reorganization of the Columbia Department and also some of the specific means by which these measures were to be achieved. They decided that Fort George (Astoria) should be abandoned in favour of a more strategically-located post farther up the Columbia and on the north bank of the river. With an interior fort acting as a depot they were confident that the furs then being drained off to the American traders in the eastern tributaries of the Columbia would be forwarded to such a proposed British post. British control of the vast area would be greatly facilitated. To carry out this instruction Kennedy and McLoughlin journeyed up the Columbia River looking for possible sites for such a fort. When they reached the junction of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers they were very favourably impressed and here the fort was built. On 19 March 1825 Governor Simpson named it Fort Vancouver in honour of the British navigator.

In addition to the establishment of Fort Vancouver, Governor Simpson gave orders for several exploratory hunting expeditions to range through the Columbia Department and New Caledonia. James McMillan and a party were sent to the lower Fraser valley to make a report on that region. McMillan's favourable account affected Simpson's later decision to establish Fort Langley. Another expedition, under Finan McDonald, journeyed southward from Fort Vancouver and probably entered northern California. Peter Skene Ogden took charge of the Snake River country expedition and in the six years following 1824 made great exploratory trips. In 1830 he crossed the interior from the Columbia River to the Gulf of California.

From this time forward parties left Fort Vancouver for California almost annually. Michel Laframboise was the leader of many of these expeditions. The usual route taken was down the Willamette, over the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers, through the Siskiyou Mountains and into the Sacramento Valley. Another famous fur trader John Work was probably the first man to lead an expedition into California from Fort Nez Percés (Walla Walla) via central Oregon, passing through the Cascade Mountains and thence to the Sacramento.

After Governor Simpson left Fort Vancouver in March of 1825 Dr John McLoughlin remained in command of the Columbia Department. Except for the period of his trip to Europe in 1838-9 he was resident Chief Factor over a domain of approximately 700,000 square miles. Dr McLoughlin directed the move from Fort George (Astoria) to Fort Vancouver and it was accomplished rapidly. Fort George was at first abandoned but it was subsequently used at times by the Company.

Chief Factor McLoughlin administered the Columbia Department in an efficient manner. From time to time, however, problems arose with the advent of the American settlers, the murder of his son John, arguments with Governor Simpson, and some misunderstandings with



Yerba Buena or San Francisco 1846-7. The building on Montgomery Street to the left of Clay Street is the H B C property sold to Howard and Mellus in 1846. The waterfront building marked 27 is General Vallejo's house

the Governor and Committee in England. McLoughlin corresponded directly with London although he did forward reports to Governor Simpson at Lachine, near Montreal.

At length in 1838 McLoughlin left Fort Vancouver for a trip which was to take him to Montreal, New York, London and Paris. During his absence the Columbia Department was temporarily divided into three segments. Chief Factor Peter Skene Ogden continued in charge of New Caledonia, while Chief Factor Samuel Black was responsible for the inland posts on the Columbia, and 34-year-old Chief Trader James Douglas took charge of Fort Vancouver together with the coastal and shipping business.

By the early 1840s the American drive into Oregon was gaining momentum. The relations of the pioneers with Dr John McLoughlin were highly significant. In November 1843 a large group of settlers reached Fort Vancouver and the white-headed doctor received them kindly. He gave them food and clothing. He even accepted their promises to pay if they did not have any money. Strange as it may seem Dr McLoughlin subsequently was quite unpopular with the settlers partly because of propaganda against the Hudson's Bay Company, partly because he was a Roman Catholic and they were bitterly Protestant. This was a transitional stage. After his death in Oregon City, where he lived and became an American citizen following his resignation, he was honoured as the "Father of Oregon." McLoughlin could see that the tide of American advance into Oregon could not be stopped by the few Hudson's Bay Company's servants scattered over his vast domain. He was also getting old and with the passing of years his antipathy towards Governor Simpson increased. When Simpson had refused to punish the murderer of his son John, in 1842, McLoughlin became bitter and brooded over his injuries. The flow of immigrants, the decline in the supply of furs, and increased availability of American goods heralded the end of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon. He saw that Britain was gradually being pushed back to the north.

Shortly after Fort Vancouver was established in 1825, parties of Hudson's Bay Company's servants were exploring the mountain valleys of California. During the years that followed these men ranged far and wide over California (then Mexican territory) and collected a rich harvest of furs, especially in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. By 1841 the Russian American Fur Company was withdrawing from Fort Ross thus leaving an opening for foreign trade in the San Francisco Bay area. Into this opening came the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1839 Alexander Forbes had published his popular history of California which gave a glowing account of possible British expansion in that region and the British public became interested. In view of this proposed program for British control of California it was not surprising that Dr McLoughlin sent his second-in-command, James Douglas, south to look into the establishment of a

trading agency and negotiate with the Mexican authorties. Douglas arrived in Monterey aboard the *Columbia* in January 1841 and obtained concessions for trading and hunting, subject to Mexican law.

Chief Factor Douglas wrote in his *Journal* that the expedition to California had two purposes. The first was to buy cattle and supplies to be transported overland to Fort Vancouver whilst in the second place: "We have also other objects of a political nature in view, which may or may not succeed according to circumstances. . . ." Douglas accomplished his first purpose but his second died with William Glen Rae. Looking at the Californian business scene with the keen eyes of a successful fur trader, James Douglas found that the prevailing mercantile practices did not impress him.

He criticized the merchants' credit system and the dishonest practices of the farmers who would not honour their 'promises to pay,' forgetting about them and obtaining credit from other merchants. Douglas admitted that there were honest men among the native Californians and it was with these that he proposed that the Company trade, recommending that: "For this purpose we ought to confine our attention to a wholesale business, supplying the country merchants with goods, and receiving payment for them, in hides, tallow, and grain. By pursuing this plan, we would be secure from great risks."

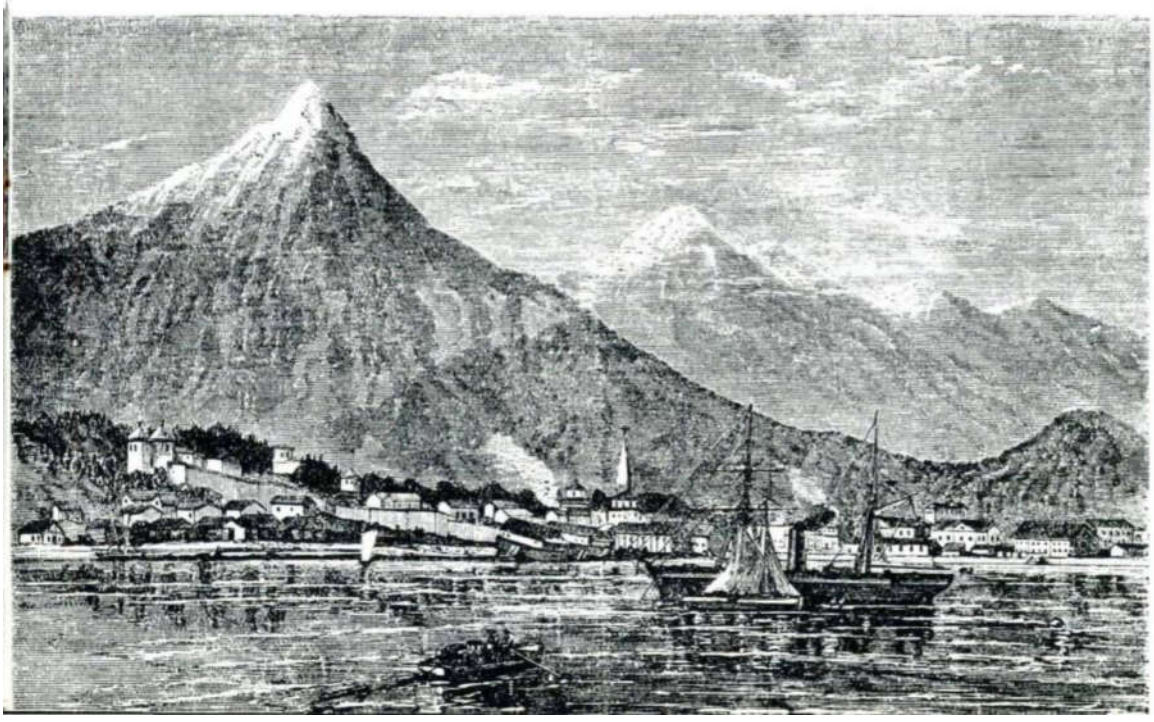
A vivid description of Mexican industry at that time came from one William Thomas:

> We came to an old adobe building about a cable's length from Clark's Point and looked in. It seemed to be a mill for grinding wheat and it (a mule) would make two revolutions of the ring and then stop and turn round to see what was going on at its rear. A cross between a poor Mexican and an Indian, who seemed to have charge of matters, would yell out in the shrillest of Spanish after each halt! "*Caramba! Diablo! Amigo! Malo! Vamos!*" Then the mule, after hearing such frightful expressions, quietly dropped its ears and went to sleep, and the Mexican would roll a cigarette, strike fire with flint and steel, and smoke contentedly for half an hour, then get up and hurl some more bad words at his companion. . . .

Douglas considered San Francisco the most favourable site for an establishment. All the staff that would be necessary would be one gentleman and two good men. Another gentleman would be required for outdoor business and to clear vessels and supplies at the Customs House in Monterey. He strongly recommended that the Hudson's Bay Company's representative stay on the best possible terms with the Mexican administration in California. Douglas returned to Fort Vancouver and informed Chief Factor McLoughlin of his observations.

In the spring of 1841 Dr McLoughlin and a party of men sailed down to Yerba Buena* on board the *Cowlitz*. Dr McLoughlin surveyed the scene and found that the best property to be had was that belonging to Jacob P. Leese—the close friend of General Vallejo who commanded the San Francisco Bay district. McLoughlin discussed a possible sale with Leese and that was where matters stood when the former returned to Fort Vancouver. It was not until late August of the same year that William Glen Rae, the son-in-law of Dr McLoughlin, arrived in the *Cowlitz* via the Sandwich Islands with a large cargo of stores from Fort Vancouver. Before these stores were landed they were cleared at the Customs House in Monterey. Rae opened the new post in September 1841 after he had bought from Leese for $4,600, payable in goods, a house and a lot measuring 108 varas by 100 varas (one vara being 33 inches).

During the years that followed the establishment under Rae was moderately successful. In order to promote business Rae adopted the prevailing system of credit. Sir George Simpson severely criticized this practice whilst



Sitka, formerly New Archangel, in the '60s; it was the chief port and seat of government of Russian America

*The settlement at what is now downtown San Francisco was known as Yerba Buena (Spanish name for the white-flowered wild mint) until 1847.—E. G. Cuddie

These drawings are from the private sketchbook of Alexander Grant Dallas, now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. D. S. G. Briscoe, by whose permission they are published. Dallas, a director of the H B C, went to the Pacific coast in 1857 to look into its affairs. In 1862 he was appointed Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land

Cowlitz Farm and Mount Rainier, in May 1860

staying at Yerba Buena on his way around the world in 1841-2. Nevertheless Rae continued this system and he was able to compete successfully with the American traders. When he bought hides, tallow, and farm produce he paid for goods half in cash and half in credit. The farm produce was used to fulfil the contract with the Russians.

It so happened that the personal character of William Glen Rae had much to do with the end of the Company's agency at Yerba Buena. Rae was a handsome Scot, the brother of Dr John Rae the celebrated Arctic explorer. William Glen Rae, as the Company's representative, stood high in the opinion of the social set, but he became involved in local political plotting. He was moreover a heavy drinker and fond of pretty women, and a Californian lady was said to have taken his fancy. In January 1845 his problems became too much for him and he shot himself.

On hearing of Rae's death the British Vice-consul, J. A. Forbes, who had previously acted for the H B C, took charge of the Yerba Buena property until Dugald Mactavish arrived at the end of the year to close the business. He sold the property to Henry Mellus and W. D. M. Howard for $5,000 for which he received (as he wrote to the Secretary of the Company in London in June 1846†):

185 lbs	Beaver	462.75
47	land Otters	99.00
8	sea do	160.00
309	arobes 16½ lb Tal.	464.25
403	bullock Hides	806.00
Cash		1758.00
Bills on Boston @ 30 d/s		1250.00
		$5000.00

†H.B.Co. Arch. A.11/64.

Thus closed an interesting chapter in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mellus and Howard traded very successfully on the site until 1850 when the building was converted into the United States Hotel.

This retirement of the Company from California was brought about by ever-increasing American competition. By 1846 the Americans took over Oregon and later California. The Hudson's Bay Company slowly withdrew to New Caledonia, although Fort Vancouver was not finally abandoned until 1860, leaving their claims and those of the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company to be settled. These negotiations dragged on for years until the United States Government paid $650,000 in two installments in 1870 and 1871 and the claims were terminated. The fur trade had retreated before the oncoming American settlers.

As early as 1822 the Governor and Committee advised Simpson that they were prepared to abandon the Columbia Department. Governor Simpson was against this move so he proceeded to reform the Department. Nevertheless he did approve the establishment of Fort Langley on the lower Fraser River. James McMillan was again selected to lead a party to the Fraser from Fort Vancouver. The expedition left on 27 June 1827 and proceeded by the Cowlitz River to the Cowlitz Portage, where the twenty-five men left the boats and shouldered packs to Puget Sound. They boarded the *Cadboro* near the south end of Whidbey Island but were delayed for ten days at the mouth of the Fraser by the sand bars and the inability of the captain to find a channel, this being the first vessel to enter the river. At last on 26 July they reached a good site on the south shore where the ship could come in close and here McMillan proposed to build the fort.

Fort Langley, sketched in May 1858

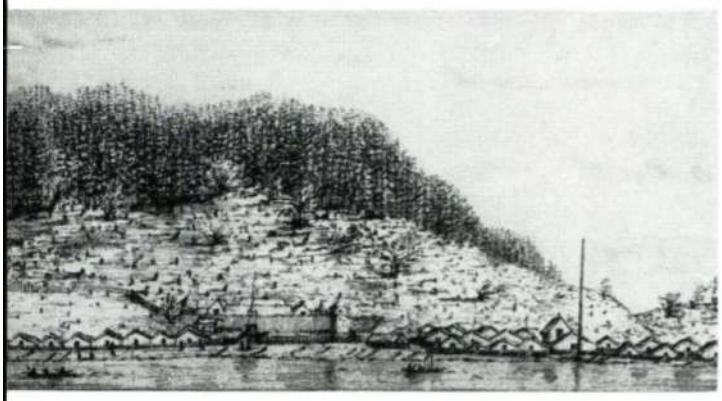
The Fort Langley Journal of 8 September 1827 noted: "The picketing of the Fort was completed and the gates hung. The rectangle inside is 40 yds by 45; and the two bastions are 12 ft. square each, built of 8 inch logs and having a lower and upper flooring, the latter of which is to be occupied by artillery. The *tout-ensemble* must make a formidable enough appearance in the eyes of Indians, especially those here who have seen nothing of the kind before. . . ."‡ The Hudson's Bay Company's men traded vermilion, rings, and other trifles with the Indians in return for dried salmon. On 28 March 1828 one of the trappers named La Patchum traded ten beaver skins, newly killed, for two blankets of two and one-half points.‡

Besides the establishment of posts along the Fraser the Company was also deeply interested in the maritime fur trade. In 1835 the Governor and Committee wrote to the officer in charge of the Northwest Coast. Presumably Dr McLoughlin received this document and handed it over to James Douglas who was to take over command of that region during the Doctor's visit to Europe. The London authorities were particularly anxious for their traders to "get in behind the Russians" whose territory extended down the Alaskan panhandle. In order to develop Company trade the Committee was sending out a steam ship, the *Beaver*, the first on the North Pacific. This valiant little ship which made her first trip from Fort Vancouver in 1836 traded for years along the Northwest Coast bringing in much profit for the Company. At last in 1888 as a battered old tug she struck the shore leaving Vancouver harbour, and was abandoned.

American trade almost vanished on the British Columbia Coast after the virtual disappearance of the sea otters. A few hardy American traders did remain in the running although their bases of operations were usually far removed. James Douglas noted in his *Private Papers* of 1835 (now in the Bancroft Library): "It appears that Mr. French an American at the Sandwich Islands carries on intercourse with the Russian Company and has a contract with them for the supply of certain articles, and that he combines with this a fur trade along the Coast, on the return of the ship to the Sandwich Islands."

In order to block this interference there were two solutions; to sell to the Russians for less than the Americans did and to raise supplies of produce for such trade. In 1834 the Company opened an agency at Honolulu to collect food supplies and provide a transshipment depot. This Hawaiian agency soon began to require larger flour shipments from the Columbia. This demand led to the extension of the farms at Fort Vancouver. Archibald McDonald founded Fort Nisqually in 1833 but it was not until five years later that the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company was organized to operate the Cowlitz and Nisqually farms. Rodcrick Finlayson wrote of the purposes of Fort Nisqually, founded as a shipping depot and intended to become a farming centre, in October 1843: "The *Beaver* with Mr Douglas proceeded up Puget Sound at the head of which we had a Fort named Nisqually where an extensive sheep & cattle Farm was carried on to enable us to meet our engagements with the Russians. . . . From this place Cattle & horses were imported to Vancr Island on the *Beaver* and being wild Spanish Cattle we had some difficulty in taming them down." On the other hand Captain James Cooper, a former Hudson's Bay Company sea captain, who was

‡Bancroft Library, *Journal of Fort Langley, 1827-9.*



Fort Simpson in 1860
Public Archives

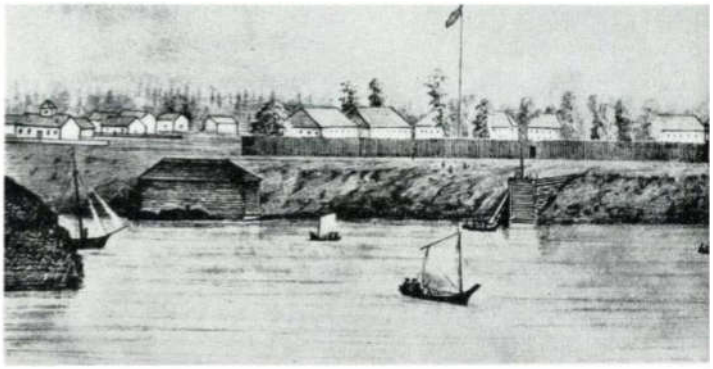
opposed to the Company, felt that the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company had been formed for political reasons.

In the 1830s a string of fur trading posts was established on the coast to the north: Fort McLoughlin on Milbanke Sound, Nass (Fort Simpson) and, after the Russian agreement, Stikine and Fort Taku beyond the Alaska panhandle.

With American and Russian competition eliminated, Governor Simpson decided on a policy of retrenchment on the Northwest Coast where he considered ships could carry on the trade more economically than permanent establishments. This necessitated harbour facilities north of the Columbia River where the bar often delayed shipping. As part of the policy, James Douglas in 1843 supervised withdrawals from Forts Taku and McLoughlin and the transfer of men and property to Fort Victoria.

Douglas had revisited the vicinity of the future post of Fort Victoria in 1842, having recommended the south end of Vancouver Island four years earlier, and confirmed that it was a suitable place for the depot, with a secure harbour, plenty of timber, and land for tillage and pasture. In June 1843 he returned to select the site for the fort and supervise the start of the building. Leaving Chief Trader Charles Ross, who had been at Fort McLoughlin, in charge of the construction, Douglas went back to Fort Vancouver, to return later with livestock for the Victoria post. Watched by the Indians, who helped cut pickets, Ross's party built a stockade with bastions, then storehouses and dwellings within the stockade. When it became necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company to leave Oregon, subsequent to the Treaty of 1846, Fort Victoria was waiting to welcome its people. Later it was to become the capital of British Columbia.

Fort Rupert was built in 1849 at the northern end of Vancouver Island, partly with the prospect of trading in furs, but mainly to exploit the coal that had been discovered there in 1835. Some coal of inferior quality had previously been found on the Cowlitz River, but with the establishment of the boundary and the increasing use of steamships, there was a demand for coal farther north. In 1850 the H B C brought out eighty miners to work the coal at Fort Rupert. The seams proved disappointing and there was insufficient coal to supply shipping. The miners were moved to Nanaimo on the east coast of the island where the Company established itself



Fort Victoria in 1854

in 1852. In the course of the following year the Company erected a three-storey bastion, set up a sawmill, surveyed the harbour, and brought out a teacher, then brought out more miners and their families to form a permanent settlement.

It is stimulating to recall the gallant attempt of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep the far northwest British. It was indeed a swirl of nations that stirred through the fogs of the North Pacific. In simplified terms, the Spanish lost out because they did not put enough men or money into the exploration and development of the region. The Russians probably left Fort Ross, California, for Alaska because they were getting cheaper supplies from the Hawaiian Islands to feed their garrisons. The British lost out in the race for total control of the northwest region because the Hudson's Bay Company simply did not have the men on the ground to block the rush of the Americans, and the British government did not consider Oregon south of 49° worth the bother of prolonged and difficult negotiations. The canvas of this struggle of nations was vast, ranging from Sitka to Monterey and from the Columbia to Hawaii. ◆

THE LETTER

BY GUY BLANCHET

Guy Blanchet, who spent many years in the northwest making topographical surveys for the Dominion Government, knew John Hornby from 1922 onwards, both in the Canadian north and in England and later he crossed trails with Hornby and Critchell-Bullock. He wrote this story soon after the 1924-5 expedition that the two men made from Slave Lake to Baker Lake, from what they told him of the trip and each other, and from Bullock's diary, which Mr Blanchet then had. Each of the men, he says, had reported to the police a belief that the other was mad. Mr Blanchet, now retired, lives in Victoria.

IT would be difficult to conceive of a more miserable habitation than the hole in the sand hill at the edge of the Barren Grounds where John Hornby and J. C. Critchell-Bullock had taken up their quarters in the winter of 1924-5.

Rarely, too, has such an absurd bargain been made as when, one night, following an argument as to whether or not one could spend a million pounds in a year, Hornby had said with one of his erratic changes of ideas: "See here, Bullock, you get many letters and no one writes to me. I'll give you five pounds, one fox skin, for one of your letters in the next mail."

Critchell-Bullock glared at him indignantly. "Don't be a silly ass. What possible interest could you have in one of my letters?" The very idea disgusted him. Reading another man's letter was bad enough, but to buy one! Hornby was in an obstinate mood and persisted. "I've made you a sporting offer. Who knows what I may get? That is my chance. What risk are you taking?"

Bullock considered for a moment. A fox skin was valuable and he needed money. "All right," he said shortly, "I'll take you up."

Just before Christmas, Hornby set out with the dogs for a caribou hunt and it was ten days before he returned. Bullock was left in the wretched little shelter, filthy with falling debris, drying skins and haunches of caribou, the candlelight hardly relieving the glimmer of daylight through the one small window.

While the hours and days dragged by, his mind became more active, mulling over the past in a ragged fashion, dwelling on this, skipping over that. His brightest memories were of the army, the life of a crack cavalry regiment stationed in India, when cavalry still meant horses and army life had some permanency. Active service during the war had ended his army career and he had had to seek a different climate and find a job.

He had chosen Canada and there he met Hornby. Two men could scarcely be more different than Critchell-Bullock and Hornby. The former looked his part, a cavalry officer, six foot three, good looking, but there was no quickness of expression, no laughter in his eyes. He had looked down on the small, elderly man, carelessly dressed, almost shabby, nondescript, except for his eyes. These were startlingly blue, dancing with excitement

when he was interested, at times filled with puckish glee and then suddenly taking on a quality of remoteness. Hornby could not be judged by ordinary standards.

Bullock recalled this meeting clearly. "What a queer old customer" had been his first impression but soon he realized that here was a romantic character, one who had to be reckoned with. Listening to Hornby's stories of the Far North, Bullock had thought, this may be what I am looking for, unknown country to explore, books to write about it and here is one who knows the North and how to live and travel there. He had asked, "Would there be opportunities for me in this country of yours?"

"Come with me if you like," Hornby had said, "but I promise you only hard travel and a life that will make or break you."

Bullock had met a number of Hornby's friends. They admitted that he was odd but claimed that he had fine qualities and that he was a famous northern traveller. He had come out thirty years before and drifted into the North. "He has had many narrow escapes," one said, "and one of these times it will be too close. He is the 'lone wolf' type, you know."

"Lone wolf! That should have warned me," wrote Bullock in his diary. "There was no suggestion of any serious purpose to his travels and how could I expect companionship from one who had gone native and preferred to live alone?"

Into the North they went, but their association did not develop into friendship, they differed too much in qualities that neither admired in the other. Hornby regarded life and people with amused tolerance while Bullock had neither a sense of humour, nor easy adaptability to new and strange situations. There was friction between them, both in big things, like the purpose of the expedition and in the most trivial matters of daily life, cleanliness and order. Bullock was fastidious and orderly, both by nature and army training. To Hornby, time meant nothing and he ignored conventional ways of life.

Hornby was the leader and set the order of travel. Meals and sleep took no set pattern. "We'll eat when we're hungry," he had said, "and we'll sleep when we're tired but our travel is more important than either."

In their intimate association in canoe and tent, Hornby's talk had become wilder and, to Bullock, more senseless. Even talk of the Old Country brought no common interests.

"You could see the changes in Hornby, almost from day to day as we left civilization behind us," noted Bullock with forebodings about the future. "Instead of being just odd, there was more than a touch of madness in his state of mind."

There were weeks of hard travel by canoe, by rivers and across back-breaking portages to waters that carried them in autumn past the last woods, out to the bleak Barren Grounds at the north end of Artillery Lake, beyond Great Slave Lake. It depressed Bullock. "Where are we going?" he had asked. "What is there ahead?"

Hornby's eyes were glowing like sapphires as his glance swept the country, searching out familiar details. "We are going to do something that has never been done before. We'll den up in a hole in the ground like animals. The snow will make a blanket over us and the gales will sweep past. We'll see caribou and wolves and foxes, maybe muskox, as woodland trappers never dreamed of. We'll be famous because we'll have done one of the few things that has never been done before."

"Mad," thought George. "I should have known then. Sane men do not talk like that nor do they plan such fantastic things. I could not turn back. All my capital of hopes and money was invested in the expedition."

They reached the sand hill where they were to winter. Its bleakness was accentuated by the few dwarf shrubs that were to provide their fuel. The country stretched away in stony hills and tundra flats. Even the sky settled on them in low misty clouds. They dug a hole and roofed it with their tent, covering all with branches and sand. When this was completed, Hornby had said, "Now we'll know how bears and ground squirrels live in winter."

Life in the dug-out was even worse than travelling. There was scarcely room to move. Most of the time it was dark and cold. Worst of all, they were forced into too intimate association; two men who had scarcely a thought or a habit in common. The long, dark, cold winter stretched ahead of them.

Once, an Indian hunter had visited them and had brought mail, many letters from Bullock's scattered friends. In answering these, he had poured out his misery and disillusionment and then, in a mood of self-pity, he had written to the police at the nearest post to say that he thought that Hornby was insane and might become dangerous. "What a fool I was to put that on official record! Who knows who may see the letter and when it may be produced?"

When Hornby was away the days dragged and Bullock knew he could not meet the arctic winter alone and unaided. After Hornby returned from a prolonged trip with the dogs a sense of relief swallowed up all other feelings and Bullock's introspection was swept away in the delight of a human companion, someone to talk to, a break in the deadly loneliness. Hornby gave Bullock a quick glance, noticing a break-down of his stolid front. He said, soothingly, "I'll soon straighten things out and

here, this will cheer you, letters." He dumped a packet of twenty or more on the floor and glanced at the addresses. "None for me, not one, but remember our bargain?"

"What bargain?"

"Why, I am to have one of your letters for a fox skin. Here it is, one of my best." He laughed as he carelessly picked out a long official envelope with R.C.M.P. stamped on the flap. He shoved it in his pocket but Bullock had seen it. He remembered his letter to the police questioning Hornby's sanity. This must be the answer. "Not that one," he cried, "that's private business."

Hornby had already lost interest as he proceeded to prepare supper. "What does it matter?" he said.

Bullock hesitated. There was nothing that he could do or say. The bargain had been made. What would have been no more than a silly joke between two normal men, living an every-day life became a matter of importance, something sinister and menacing. A nagging worry as to what was in the letter and what Hornby would do about it dug deeper and deeper as days and weeks went by.

Midwinter closed about them, reducing activities, enclosing the two men through long hours, often for days, in the dug-out. They slept as much as possible, sometimes they talked, often they just sat, each lost in his own thoughts. Hornby found an outlet in outdoor activities, hunting, searching for wood, just being out. He could endure solitude but often he found Bullock an intolerable companion. He thought that his brittle mind might break and however lightly he had taken on the responsibility of looking after him, he had to see it through.

Bullock's interest was not action but observation and this took the form of his log book in which he recorded what he thought and saw and did. He noted the weather and the movement of animals. He even impressed his moods on the blank pages. "My great exploration into the Arctic has become a test of how much mental and physical misery a civilized man can endure. Life in this hole has convinced me that there is a limit. A man cannot live as an animal does, his mind is too active. It must have something to work on or it grinds itself to pieces. Just how does this happen?"

In another mood, he wrote, "Just look at him, squatting on his bed skinning a fox . . . blood and grease everywhere. Either he talks such rot with that diabolical grin on his face that I am convinced that he is mad or his mind is so far away that he doesn't even hear me speak. What is he planning? Why can't he say what is on his mind? Why can't I do something?"

Once when Hornby returned from a visit to his trapper friends he remarked casually, "Corporal Thorp was there on patrol."

Now it's coming, thought Bullock. "What was he after?"

Hornby ignored Bullock's confusion as he sat repairing his dog harness. "He didn't say much, asked me some questions, wanted to know how you were getting along. He was cursing greenhorns coming into the country and getting bushed and giving the police extra work."

Bullock waited for something definite, something that he could answer but Hornby had lost interest or at any rate said nothing more. Once again, Bullock found himself completely in the dark as to what had been said and what Hornby thought or planned to do. In the disordered state of his mind, he set down the gleam he caught in the blue eyes to gloating over some secret.

Days went by with midwinter monotony, the long hours of enforced idleness heightening the friction of personalities. At last the mounting sun started the snow melting on southern slopes. The cave became uninhabitable and the time had come to set out, to use the last snow to cross the divide with the dogs, to reach waters flowing eastward.

The overland journey was a hard one on men and dogs. They reached a large lake where the ice was be-

ginning to clear and presently they launched their canoe, crossing unknown lakes, following untravelled streams. The hard work shared had brought them together. For a time petty frictions had been forgotten; the letter, even, no longer seemed important. Then, suddenly, Bullock saw his situation revealed with stark reality.

Hornby was a skilful canoeman but he took long chances to avoid portaging. He took the canoe through rapids which were too dangerous. Once, running a particularly bad piece of water, Bullock watched helplessly while the canoe crashed against a rock. Hornby took the split-second action that saved them and swung into the eddy below, half swamped but safe. His eyes were shining as he shouted, "Not many men could do that." During those seconds, Bullock had realized what his situation would be if anything happened to Hornby. How could he explain his loss? There was the letter. Hornby was well known and *he* was unknown, no one had seen him for six months. "No one else would be foolish enough to try," he replied bitterly. "Where would I be, canoe and gear lost with you who know the country?"

"What would you do?" asked Hornby, curiously.

"That is simple. I should travel as far as I could. I should do what hunting was possible with my few shells, but—with the last one I should blow my brains out. And you, what would you do if it happened the other way?"

Hornby did not answer at once. He was squatting on his heels sipping scalding tea, gazing into the fire, looking over the plains to the misty horizon. "I could easily find my way out and live off the country . . . but I would not do that. The police ask too many questions. There would be your letters and what is in them. No. I would lose myself in the Eskimo country for a year or two. You would soon be forgotten."

Bullock leapt to his feet, his long hair and beard giving him the appearance of an ancient prophet. "I'm not dead or forgotten yet and I still plan to live through and write my books and tell my story. Look Jack," Bullock had suddenly become tense, "See—caribou—our starving time is over." They raced across the plain after the caribou, two wild figures with streaming hair and ragged clothes and presently they squatted about a fire of willow roots, gorging on half-cooked meat.

The savagely exacting journey ended as the turbulent river broke from the hills to its quiet course across the plain. All the confusion of their winter life seemed to be ended too when they brought their canoe through the last stretch of the Thelon River to Baker Lake, the little settlement of missions, police and traders, 107 days after leaving their cave near Artillery Lake.

The sudden emergence from the wilderness after a year affected the men differently. To Hornby, it was just another episode, a slightly different adventure, a pause before a new venture. He was in his element, squatting on his heels, telling of his beloved Barren Grounds and of their winter life, tales which Bullock listened to with astonishment. Fact and fiction were so woven together that it was hard to tell where one began and the other ended. Even Bullock was a hero in Hornby's stories.

It was not like that for Bullock. The events of the past year seemed tremendously important. There had been adventures, desperate situations and long-drawn-out times of misery. In the confusion of the moment, he could not reckon up what the experience had given and taken. At least he had lived through it. Hornby was no more mad than he had always been. Bullock seemed to recover his personality on meeting friendly people again and living a conventional life. The fantastic nightmare ended and he found himself in a world of familiar things in which he could indulge his ingrained love of order, in a life in which yesterday predicted tomorrow. Life was worth living again.

The letter . . . might the whole miserable affair of the letter have been a mistake? Nothing that Hornby had said or done could be definitely put down to it. Looking back, it all seemed so petty and as he thought over the past year, the journey out especially, he realized what a fine chap Hornby was, unselfishly taking the brunt of the work, never complaining, always taking the big load, the serious risks. At last, he decided to speak out. . . .

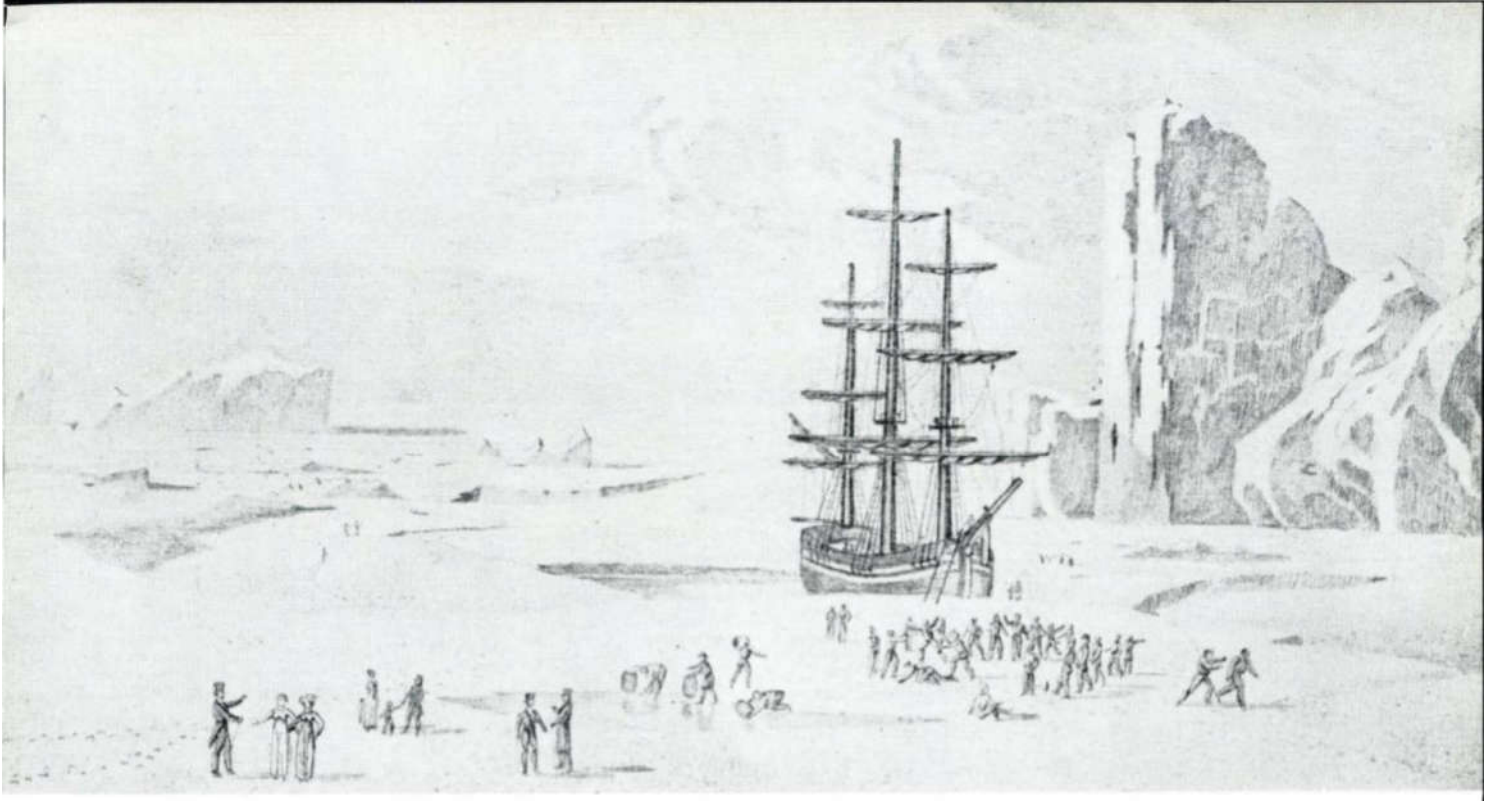
He chose an evening when they had been reminiscing, both in a cheerful mood. "I say, Jack," he tried to make it sound casual, "How about that letter."

"Letter! What letter?" Hornby seemed to have no recollection of it.

"You know well enough. The letter you bought for a fox skin. The police letter. The cursed letter."

Hornby looked astonished, then burst out laughing. "Oh, now I remember. Surely that did not worry you? Here, just a minute. He dumped the contents of his kit bag on the floor, wolf skulls, skins of mice and birds, an army medal not easily won, rags of clothing. From the pocket of an old pair of pants he produced a dirty, crumpled letter. It was unopened.

Bullock took it shamefacedly. I should have known, he thought. He is a gentleman. There are things he would not do. Bullock tore the envelope open and drew out a thin, official slip and read: "*Received from* George Critchell-Bullock—*the sum of* Thirty dollars—*for* Licence to trap foxes in the Northwest Territories. *Signed* Corp. Thorp RCMP." ◆



The "Lord Wellington" locked in the ice in Hudson Strait on 30 June 1821 while some of the colonists bound for Red River amuse themselves alongside. Sketched by Peter Rindisbacher, the Swiss boy who was among the colonists
Courtesy Glenbow Foundation

Captain Lyon in the Arctic

BY THOMAS DUNBABIN

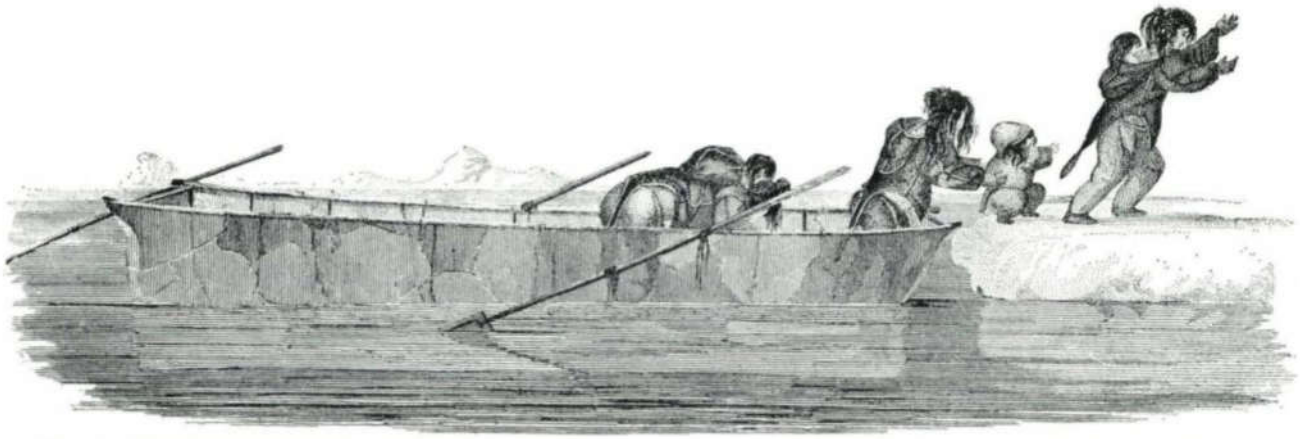
CAPTAIN George Francis Lyon of the Royal Navy was a far-ranging man of many parts who saw strange things at sea and ashore in an adventurous career that took him to arctic Canada, to Tripoli and Fezzan, round the Mediterranean Sea and to Mexico and South America. None perhaps was stranger than the sight of settlers bound for the Red River of the North waltzing on the deck of a ship off Resolution Island at the entrance to Hudson Strait.

This was on the evening of 16 July 1821. Lyon was serving in H.M.S. *Hecla*, a vessel sailing in search of the Northwest Passage in company with H.M.S. *Fury*. Their names are linked together on the map of Canada in Fury and Hecla Strait, between Melville Peninsula and Baffin Island. The settlers, on board the ship *Lord Wellington*, bound for York Factory, were on their way to settle in Lord Selkirk's Red River Colony. Selkirk had died at Pau in France in April 1820, but his work lived after him.

Australian press representative living in Canada, Mr Dunbabin has made a study of Canadian historical byways

Lyon was 25 when he sailed for the north in the expedition headed by that old arctic hand and veteran of the Northwest Passage search, Captain (later Sir) Edward Parry. But already Lyon had behind him a dozen years in the Royal Navy and a very varied experience. He had entered the Navy in 1808, at the age of 13, and served on the coast of Spain and in the Mediterranean. During his Mediterranean service, Lyon had learnt Arabic. It was this, no doubt, that led the Admiralty to send him in November 1818, to Tripoli to join the Scottish surgeon Joseph Ritchie in an attempt to cross the eastern Sahara and to reach the region of Lake Chad.

Lyon was to recall the pains and perils of the desert journey with Ritchie in the entry that he made for 17 June 1821 on board H.M.S. *Hecla*. This was in the private journal that he kept, for the information of his family, though soon after his return it was published by John Murray in London.



Women of the Savage Islands landing from an oomiak, the large skin-covered boat used for transport

Illustrations are from drawings by Captain Lyon unless otherwise noted

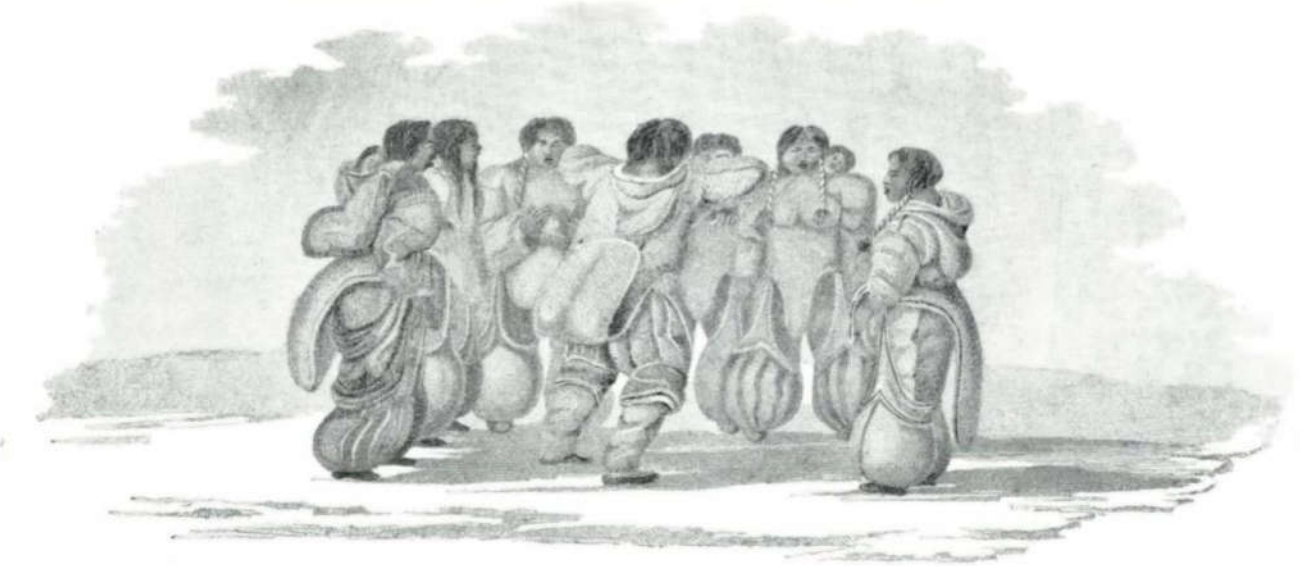
It was on the 17th of June that Lyon first saw pack-ice. "My sensations on this day" he wrote "I can compare only with those I experienced on riding from Tripoli to take a view of the desert, amongst whose barren and inhospitable sands I was then about to undertake the tedious journey, which ended so unhappily."

On July 13th, when off Resolution Island, they saw two vessels ahead. A third joined these two on the 14th. On the 16th the *Hecla* came up with these ships; that evening she made fast to the pack-ice alongside them. The two first seen were the Hudson's Bay Company ships *Prince of Wales* and *Eddystone*; the third was the *Lord Wellington* carrying 160 settlers for the Selkirk colony at the Red River. The Hudson's Bay vessels had sailed 20 days after the *Hecla* and had so far made a good passage. The *Lord Wellington* had been 19 days in the ice before she met the other two ships. "While nearing these vessels" wrote Lyon "we observed the settlers waltzing on deck for above two hours; the men in old-fashioned grey jackets and the women wearing long-eared mobcaps, like those used by the Swiss peasants."

After mentioning the *Wellington's* nineteen days in the ice, Lyon went on: "The Dutchmen had, however, behaved very philosophically during this period, and seemed determined on being merry, in spite of the weather. Several marriages had taken place (the surgeon, who was accompanying them to their colony, acting as parson) and many more were in agitation; each happy couple always deferring the ceremony until a fine day allowed of an evening's ball, which was only terminated by a fresh breeze or a fall of snow."

Dutch women did in fact wear long-eared caps. But Lyon appears to have been wrong in thinking that these settlers were Dutch. Records of the early history of the Selkirk Settlement note the arrival at the Red River, by way of York Fort, in November 1821, of 177 settlers

Man dancing, encircled by a group of women. These were Eskimos of Melville Peninsula whose dress differs from that of the Savage Islanders



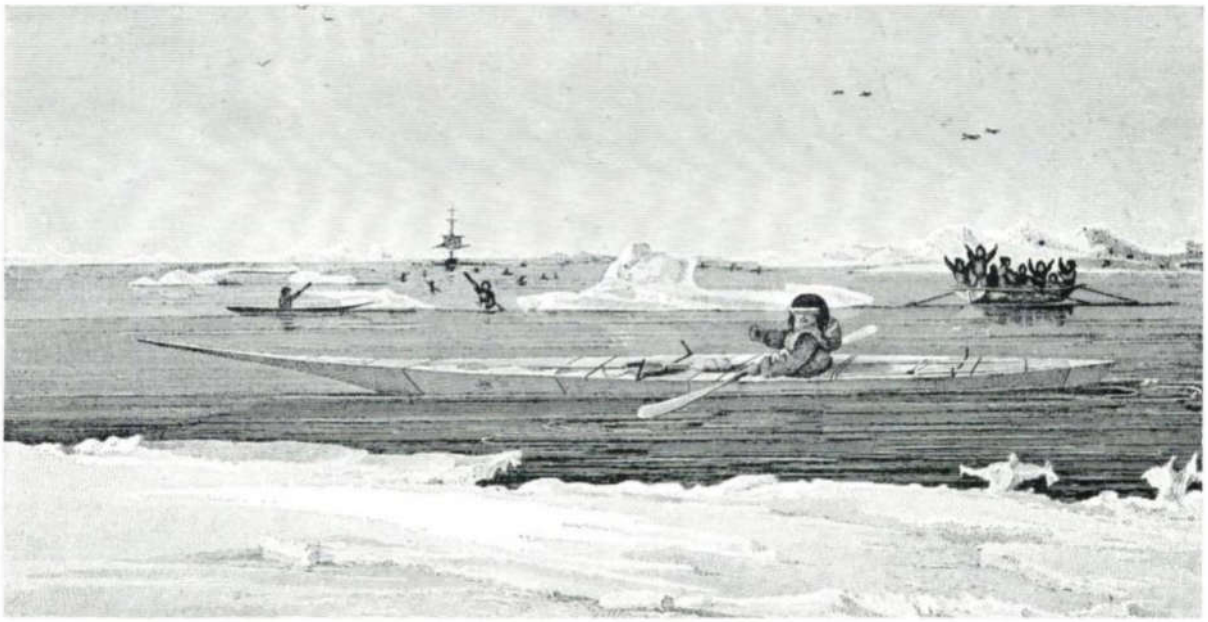
recruited in Switzerland by Colonel May of the Watteville Regiment, agent for the late Lord Selkirk. Some of these were French-speaking Swiss from the Cantons of Vaud, Valais and Neuchatel; others were German-speaking people from the Canton of Berne. They are described as poor people, peasants, artisans and labourers. Maybe the German-Swiss dialect of the people from Berne sounded like Dutch to Lyon.

As for waltzing, that was then something new and somewhat shocking in Britain. As late as 1825 W. Hamilton, in his dictionary of musical and other phrases, defined *waltz* as "the name of a riotous and indecent German dance."

Next day it was found at daylight that the *Hecla* had been "swept to above two miles from the three ships, and totally beset." After that day, those on the *Hecla* saw no more of the two Hudson's Bay Company ships or of the *Wellington* with the Selkirk settlers waltzing on deck.

Lyon saw dancing on the ice before the week was out but it was very far from the waltz. On the evening of 21 July they killed on the ice a polar bear that weighed more than 1,600 pounds. The seamen ate the heart without ill effects but the bear meat was not liked. After the fat had been melted down, the carcass was thrown overboard. It was a pity, for the next day Eskimos who would have liked the meat came on board. The *Hecla* was held fast in the ice six miles from the Lower Savage Islands, when the crew heard the Eskimos shouting as they came out in thirty kayaks and five oomiaks, or women's large boats, one of which carried twenty-one people. The canoes were carried and pushed over the ice and launched in such water lanes as offered.

Both men and women eagerly bartered their clothes until they were almost naked. The old women looked so much like witches that Lyon felt that he could understand why Martin Frobisher's seamen had in 1576 pulled the buskins off one poor old wretch to see if she had cloven feet. The Eskimos gave a spear with its line and float for a nail. Indeed a nail would buy almost anything until the Eskimos spied some small saws. Then they all wanted saws.



Eskimos in kayaks and oomiak of the Savage Islands visiting the ships in Hudson Strait in July 1821

Like many other naval ships of the day the *Hecla* carried a fiddler. When the bartering abated he went down on the ice and began to play dance tunes. "He instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time." Soon officers,

seamen, and savages were all dancing together, "one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed," commented Lyon. The Eskimo way of applauding was to give a good box on the ear. Lyon was surprised by such a box. The cook danced with such vigour and skill that he became a great favourite and was so buffeted about the ears that he had to give up dancing and retire to the galley.

The ships sailed westward and on 31 July eight kayaks and one oomiak came off from Cape Dorset. The men wore jackets made entirely of birds' skins, with the feathers next to their bodies. The oomiak had a sail made of pieces of walrus intestines, each about four inches wide, sewn together with the utmost neatness. There was

Waiting for a seal at the animal's breathing hole. The man on the right has just harpooned a seal and has the line from the harpoon head braced round his leg

Eskimos of the Savage Islands. The man carries a bird dart and the woman holds out a pelt and a little bird that might be a dovekie

a mast of wood with a neat ivory fitting in which the halyards ran. One woman offered, as far as Lyon could understand, to sell him a four-year-old girl for a knife. An Eskimo had a fine narwhal tusk (called by the men a unicorn's horn) which he offered for a piece of iron. He took the iron but paddled off with the tusk. As the *Hecla* was getting under sail he came back and sold it for a knife to the man whom he had cheated out of the iron. This time he was forced to hand it over.

Fury and *Hecla* sailed on, past Roe's Welcome and into Repulse Bay. On 22 August Lyon landed on the shore of Repulse Bay where he found the remains of a very large Eskimo settlement. Strolling up a hill, he was amazed to find the skeleton of a whale lying across the upper end of a small green ravine and at least 100 feet above the level of the sea. It lay on granite rock and was covered with moss and swampy earth.

After wintering off the southeast of Melville Peninsula, Parry and Lyon the following year traced the coast north to Fury and Hecla Strait and the ships spent the 1822-23 winter at Igloolik in 69° N. When they returned to England the report about the believed narrowness of the neck of land west of Repulse Bay suggested to the Lords of the Admiralty the idea of an amphibious operation.

Lyon was appointed captain of the 180-ton gun brig *Griper*, with a complement of 41, and sent out again in 1824. He was to leave H.M.S. *Griper* in Repulse Bay, to cross Melville Peninsula and to follow the coast westward to Cape Turnagain which Captain (later Sir John) Franklin had reached from the westward. Franklin had come from the mouth of the Coppermine River which he had reached by land and water across Canada. For his land journey Lyon took two Shetland ponies. On the way he bought four pups from the Eskimos which were to help out as a dog team. Off Cape Chidley in Labrador Lyon took in supplies from the surveying vessel *Snap* which had accompanied him across the Atlantic, and bore up for Hudson Strait.

Lyon met the first Eskimos on 12 August 1824 in Hudson Strait when eight kayaks and three oomiaks, carrying sixty people, came off from their settlement. During his two arctic winters Lyon had learnt enough of the language to be able to converse with them. The women had huge mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed on the palms with the jet-black feathers of the dovekie, or little auk. Lyon bought a few ivory toys and a mirror of black mica, fitted into a leather case. He also secured for a knife the sail of one of the oomiaks. This

An Eskimo of Igloolik, wearing a bird-skin jacket, carries his kayak to the open water

was nine feet five inches across at the head and six feet at the foot with a dip of thirteen feet. It was made of four-inch strips of intestine sewn together and weighed only three and three-quarters pounds.

Though these Eskimos seemed to have had little contact with Europeans they knew how to pick pockets. One of them took Lyon's handkerchief out of his pocket. Lyon was content to box the offender's ears and to banish him from the ship. The Eskimo was soon back on board and was caught trying to get away with a bag of seaman's clothes. This was taken from him and he was hustled over the ship's side.

Captain Lyon was one of the few Europeans to meet and describe the now extinct Sadlermiut* Eskimos of Southampton and Coats Islands, to whom he applied the name of Shadlermioo. These people were unusually isolated from other Eskimos, as well as from Europeans. Lyon noted that their language was very different from that of the other Eskimos that he knew and seemed largely monosyllabic. They did not know the word kayak, but understood oomiak, pointing to the ship. Lyon describes two of these Eskimos as singularly European in appearance. The Sadlermiuts lived on till the winter of 1902-03 when the 50 or 60 still on Southampton Island died of a disease, apparently typhus caught from whalers.

On 27 August 1824, Lyon decided to go ashore on what was believed to be part of Southampton Island but was actually Coats Island. When the boat was a mile from the shore it was met by an Eskimo paddling out on a queer craft made of three blown-up sealskins. The man sat on the middle skin, with his feet in the water and worked his way along with a paddle made of whale's bone. As he came near the boat "he exhibited some little signs of fear; his teeth chattered and himself and sealskins trembled in unison." To Lyon it seemed evident from his manner that he had come out as a kind of herald for his people. Lyon threw him a string of beads which he received with great trepidation and placed with trembling fingers across a large bunch of hair that protruded from his forehead. Lyon made a few friendly signs after bestowing the beads, and the Eskimo, who called himself Neeakoodloo, soon came alongside the boat after having, as a peace offering, thrown Lyon two dried salmon and an arrow with a head of roughly chipped flint. At Lyon's request the Eskimo jumped into the boat. The sailors took his float in tow and pulled for the shore.

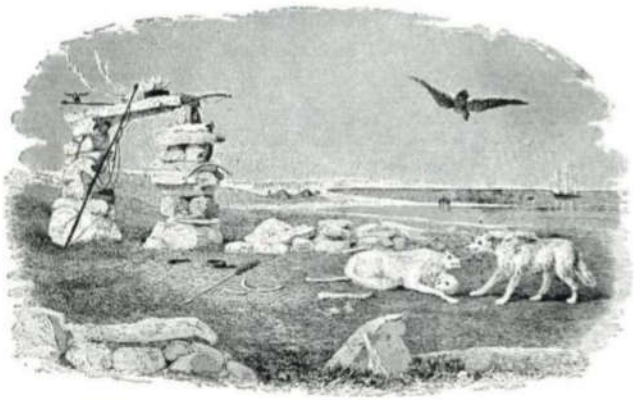
Near the shore were several storehouses, six feet high and ten in diameter, built of slabs of limestone. Neeakoodloo opened one of these to show that it held a quantity of salmon, split and suspended by the tail. About two miles away were the sealskin tents of the Sadlermiut, which Lyon then visited.

The only cutting tools that these people had were rough pieces of chipped flint, shaped like poplar leaves and lashed to bone handles six inches long. The women used needles made from the wing-bones of birds. They also had two little iron needles apparently made from small nails but the eyes of these were so tiny that they could not have been of much service. The only wood they possessed were a piece of deal, three inches long planed and painted black, and three bows made of many small pieces. Yet they were quite ready to sell these bows. Their spears were made of the ribs of whales. They had some two dozen dogs but Lyon saw no sign of a sledge.

The men's dress included short breeches, leaving the knees exposed. The women had no breeches but wore a

*"The Mysterious Sadlermiut", *Beaver* Winter 1959.

A fine study by Captain Lyon of Arnaneelia, a native of Winter Island, made in 1822



Grave visited by Lyon near Carys Swan Nest on Coats Island. The double piles of stones were normally canoe supports

kind of thigh wrapper and very high boots. Their faces were slightly tattooed. Gloves were made of dried dovekie skins, with the feathers inside.

What struck Lyon most about the men was that each had a mass of hair rolled up in a ball about the size of a child's head and projecting upward from the forehead. When one of these was opened at Lyon's request it was found to consist of six long plaits of the man's hair, matted with dirt and deer's hair. The tresses measured more than four feet in length.

Two days later, near Carys Swan Nest, Lyon visited an unoccupied settlement. Here, in a grave mound, he found a body sewn up in skins and so coiled up that it was only two feet four inches long and might at first sight have been taken for the body of a pigmy. "This may account," he wrote, "for the otherwise extraordinary account given by Luke Foxe, of his having found bodies in the islands in the 'Welcome' which were only four feet long."

Foxe had stated that when he was in search of the Northwest Passage in 1631 his seamen landed on an island that he named Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome and found a grave-yard with 500 bodies, none of which was more than four feet long. Foxe's account of the discovery indicates that he himself did not land and that he did not actually see the bodies though he did see the boards nine or ten feet long and four inches thick, parts of old sleds, used to roof the stone graves. A boat load of this wood was brought off for use as firewood. For some time

to come the food of Foxe's crew was cooked with coffins. The presence of such boards in this region far north of the tree-line was in itself remarkable enough.

H.M.S. *Griper* never reached Repulse Bay. When working her way up Roe's Welcome in fog and heavy seas she struck a reef at low water on September 1st. Heaved up and down by gale-lashed waves, she seemed to be doomed. The position was so desperate that Lyon ordered all hands to put on their best and warmest clothes and be ready to abandon ship. But even if they could reach the shore the chances of survival seemed small.

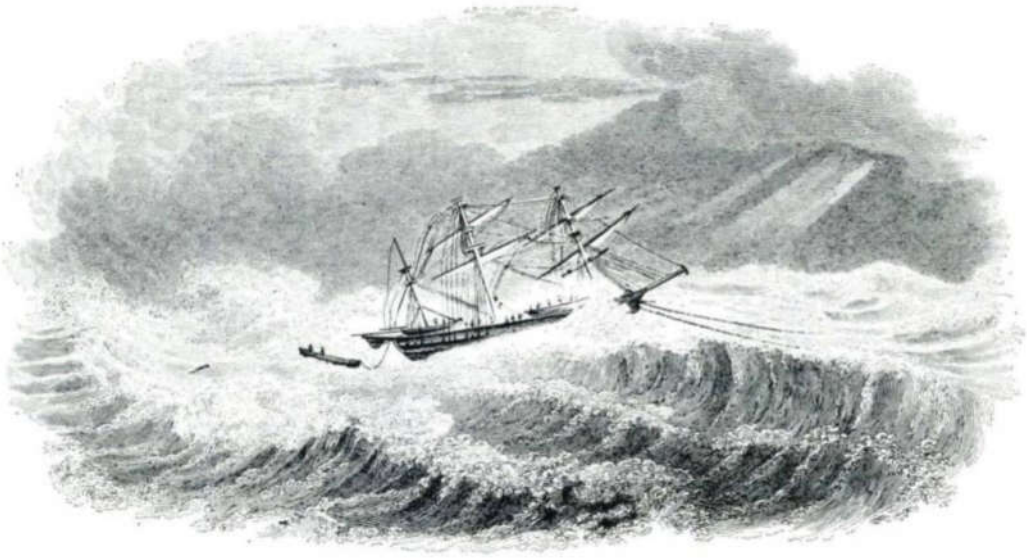
"Every man" wrote Lyon "brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that everything in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate."

After this the officers sat about where they could find shelter and the seamen lay down, talking to each other with the utmost calmness. "I am firmly persuaded" Lyon continued "that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. . . . God was merciful to us and the tide almost miraculously fell no lower." Lyon gave the place where peril was thus averted the name of Bay of God's Mercy. In the evening heavy rain beat down the gale and with the rising of the 22-foot tide the ship floated and was not taking in water. Still troubled by shoaling waters, uncertain coastline, and gales as they continued up Roe's Welcome, Lyon decided a few days later that the two ponies brought for the journey across Melville Peninsula, must be shot. Their hay had been thrown overboard to clear the decks during the storm and there was only half a ton of fresh water left on board. So the ponies were killed, "to the infinite regret of all hands, as they were very great favourites".

On September 15 the *Griper* having struggled north beyond Wager Bay, was turned southward. Lyon had called his officers together and it had been decided that after another near disaster and the increasing difficulties of navigation the attempt to reach Repulse Bay should be abandoned. With anchors lost, compasses not working in that region, and rudder damaged, it was decided to return to England. So the ship was headed for Hudson Strait, and home.

The *Griper* had a smooth and swift passage across the Atlantic, and the ship was paid off at Portsmouth on 13 December 1824. Lyon hoped for another chance to trace the coast of Melville Peninsula but he was never to see the Canadian Arctic again. Soon after this voyage he left the Navy.

An honorary doctorate of civil law was conferred on Lyon by Oxford University in 1825 and in the same year he married. In the following years he went to Mexico and South America on mining business. Returning to England from Buenos Aires, he died aboard ship in October 1832. ◆



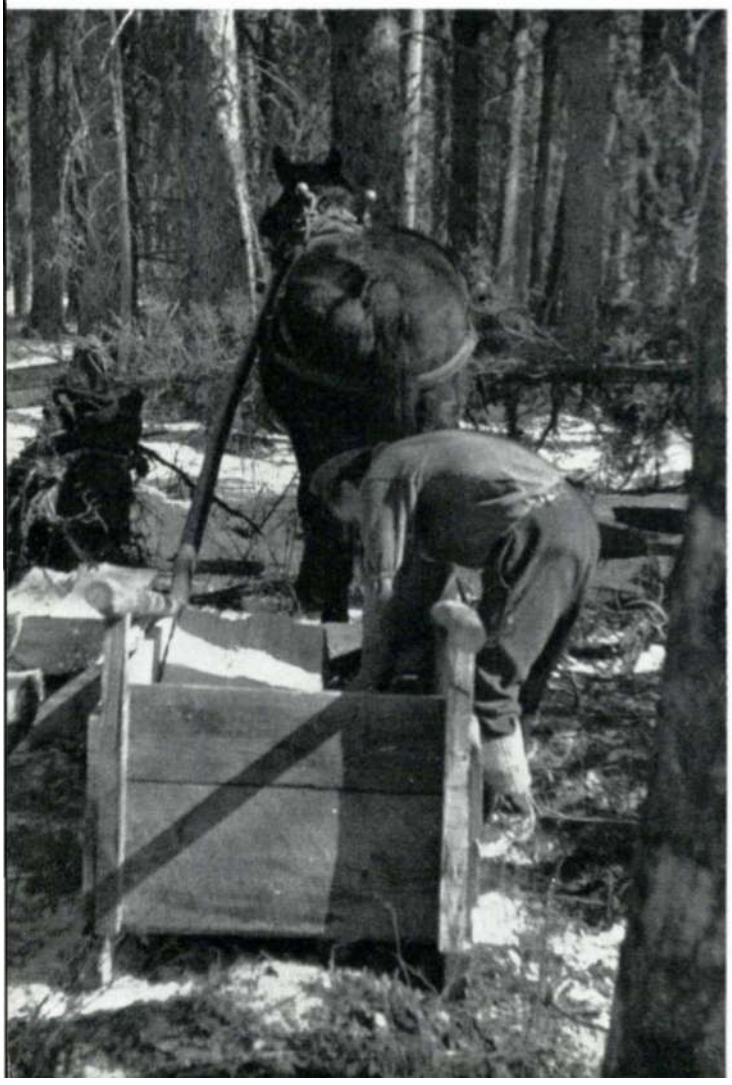
H M S "Griper" when she was believed to be foundering on 1 September 1824, drawn by E. N. Kendall, Lyon's assistant surveyor

by Bradford Angier

SHAKE ROOF

Blocks for shakes can be cut from any straight grained tree, usually a softwood. These ones are hauled back in a home-made sled

A froe, handle at right angles to blade, and wooden mallet are used to cleave the shakes, which may be from one-half to two inches thick, from the block

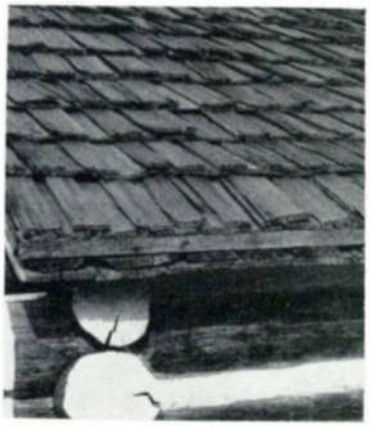


The underside of a pole roof that is topped with shakes

The wide gaps in the top layer of shakes gradually fill with debris from the trees

Some craftsmen smooth or taper their shakes with a drawshave, holding them in some such ingenious contrivance as that shown left, on which they sit to work as it grips the shake

Topping off the roof ridge are the usual two boards nailed together in an inverted V



No roof harmonizes better with sturdy log construction than the traditional rugged topping of shakes. These hand-split, thick, shingles of the pioneers, long used by the Indians, met the needs of frontiersmen working with a maximum of haste and a minimum of tools for they are durable and weather proof, particularly those made of western red cedar. Shakes are generally of uniform thickness although occasionally they are tapered like shingles. Dimensions depend on the material and they may be four feet or more long, the normal width being six to eight inches. Experts agree they should be laid one or two inches apart, with a one-third lap, though the overlap is often shortened in an effort to save work.

Construction of the roofs shown, which have weathered the years, is in this order, starting from the inside: Boards; tarpaper; boards. A 2 by 2 nailed along the edge of this board roof creates an air space so that ice will not freeze along the eaves and back up water and ice in thawing. Starting at the eaves, shakes 20 inches long are nailed about one inch apart; the ones on the cabins shown here are lapped three inches. Finally, over each crack another layer of shakes is nailed; since their purpose is to cover the lower cracks, the distance between them does not matter. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH FROM THE BAY TO THE ROCKIES

A History of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land and its Dioceses from 1820 to 1950

by T. C. B. Boon

The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1962. xvi-480 pages. Maps. $6.00.

Reviewed by L. G. Thomas

THE Reverend T. C. B. Boon, Archivist to the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land, here presents the fruits of many years' study of the history of the Anglican church in the Canadian west. His substantial volume will be read and valued not merely by those interested in ecclesiastical history but by all students of the development of western Canada. Earlier studies have discussed only limited aspects of the subject and have seldom attempted to indicate the wealth of sources that has been accumulated as a result of Anglican activities between the Bay and the Rockies. Though Boon has by no means exhausted the possibilities of such vast repositories as the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Church Missionary Society, his notes point the way to many less obvious deposits of potential interest to secular as well as to ecclesiastical historians. No one has done more then he to encourage the preservation of archival material and although the state of Anglican archives in western Canada is depressing, this volume is an invaluable guide to what is available. It also presents clues to the researcher that may be of incalculable value as governments and institutions gradually recognize their responsibility for the preservation of the records of the past.

To deal with a subject of such complexity in less than 500 pages is a formidable task. It is rendered no easier by the expansion and contraction of the region for which the historian of Rupert's Land must feel himself responsible. The first Bishop, David Anderson, found it difficult to define the limits of his jurisdiction and well before he retired in 1864, one of his missionaries, Archdeacon Robert McDonald, was working among the Loucheux Indians in territory that was in due course to be recognized as beyond the political limits of British North America. As the work of the church developed, the Yukon was detached from Rupert's Land and added to the ecclesiastical province of British Columbia, while Moosonee, the region south and west of James Bay, was transferred to the ecclesiastical province of Ontario. Work on the further shore of the Bay, the East Main of the fur trade, remains, however, as a responsibility of the diocese of the Arctic, and thus under the jurisdiction of Rupert's Land. The successive subdivisions of Anderson's enormous diocese into the ten dioceses of today present even greater problems of organization. With these difficulties Boon copes effectively. His maps are excellent and his index adequate and the enquirer following a particular line will have no difficulty in finding his way through this straightforward exposition of the development of the Anglican church in the west.

The volume is an admirable piece of pioneering, the first scholarly narrative of the history of an institution that has played an important part in western development. Students of that development will follow with gratitude the path Boon has hacked through the tangled undergrowth of secondary accounts written with little or no respect for the canons of historical scholarship. He has not sought to write an interpretative history; it is "how," not "why," that is his concern. As he observes in his preface, "I have been less critical of Bishops than some think I should have been. . . . I have purposely avoided comments upon any difference in types of churchmanship. . . . Nor have I made any attempt to discuss the relationship of the Anglican Church with other denominations." Such matters, often trivial in themselves, embody nevertheless some of the deepest tensions in Anglicanism. In the not altogether congenial climate of the new world those tensions remained; if they are disregarded the triumphs no less than the reverses of the Church of England in America lose much of their interest and significance for the student of the interrelation of the European heritage and the American environment. Boon's lucid narrative will be an invaluable aid to such a student, but for the inwardness of Anglicanism in Rupert's Land he must go to sources to which Boon only points the way.

The presentation of this valuable narrative with its excellent apparatus is a matter for congratulation to the author, to the Ryerson Press, and to the Humanities Research Council and the Anglican Foundation, whose grants have made this attractive volume available at an exceedingly reasonable price and with its notes where they ought to be, at the foot of the page.

Professor L. G. Thomas is Head of the Department of History at the University of Alberta. Ecclesiastical history in Canada is one of his special interests.

THE CANADIAN GUNSMITHS

1608 to 1900

by S. James Gooding

Museum Restoration Service, West Hill, Ontario, 1962. 308 pages. Illus. $17.50.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

MANY of us whose work involves the historical aspects of firearms have awaited with interest the final results of Mr Gooding's years of diligent research. This book has been long a-borning. It is not the sort of thing where one "can hardly wait to see how it ends," for it is a purely factual text. But, whether viewed as an exhaustive study or (as many of us know it to be) a labour of love, Mr Gooding's book is no disappointment. It is, in fact, unique, for at no other time has the history of fire-

arms and their manufacture in Canada been presented complete, detailed, and in a single well-prepared volume.

Since the manufacture and repair of firearms—gunsmithing—was an established craft prior to the 17th century, this book quite naturally opens with the beginning of white settlement in Canada. From Champlain's first settlement we are led progressively through centuries of work by Canadian gunsmiths up to the early years of this 20th century. Chapters include "Immigration, Emigration and Settlement," "The Gunsmiths by Location" (over 500 firms and individuals) and "The Gunsmiths," containing a wealth of biographical detail and excellent reproductions of early advertising. Of particular interest is the chapter entitled "Made in Canada" which discusses the various guns "lock, stock and barrel" and traces the development of distinctively Canadian firearms in lucid style.

Text is well prepared and the illustrations, 127 in number, are clear cut and thoroughly useful. The bibliography is excellent, and in itself provides a time-saving guide for future specialists. The wealth of information makes this book a "must" for every historical museum and library as well as for the collector and dealer. Even veteran firearms historians, long aware of Mr Gooding's activities, will agree that this book more than justifies its rather lengthy incubation period.

Mr Sutton is Director of the Manitoba Museum and a specialist in guns.

ESKIMO ADMINISTRATION I: ALASKA

by Diamond Jenness

Arctic Institute of North America, Montreal, 1962. Technical Paper No. 10. 64 pages. Members $2.00. Non-members $3.00.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

THE Arctic Institute of North America is to be congratulated on the production of this important paper on Eskimo problems in Alaska. If the two others that are to follow, dealing with Canada and Greenland, are of the same standard we shall have a valuable study in social anthropology. Based on thorough research and many years of experience in the field of ethnology, Dr Jenness's report is a model on which other writers could strive to pattern their own efforts.

It is apparent that the problems encountered by the authorities in Alaska paralleled very closely those that have bedevilled our own government in Canada. At first, little or nothing was done for the Alaskan Eskimo. The Russians had exploited him unmercifully and indeed had almost exterminated the Aleuts. This merciless pressure was relieved in 1867 when the United States acquired Alaska, but was followed by an almost complete indifference until 1884 when the first "Organic Act" was passed and some provision made for medical care and the education of Eskimo children. Up to that time, the Eskimos had no assistance except the invaluable services of the United States Revenue Service who patrolled the coast line, giving aid whenever a case of distress came to their notice.

Indifferent officials, a desire to shove off onto some other department unpleasant responsibilities, lack of funds, the difficulties of travel in such a country, the inability of the Eskimos to speak English, the poor quality of most of the few teachers who could be induced to take such unattractive posts, all were in part responsible for the slow progress made, just as in Canada, and this report can not but be of value to our own Indian Affairs Branch, whose senior officials, at least, will read it with deep sympathy and full comprehension, and, perhaps, a wry smile now and then.

What a joy it is to read a technical report free from technicalities, one written in a simple familiar style without a single word to drive you to the dictionary, and almost free of the grammatical solecisms that disgrace so much of today's writing. One point puzzles me still; on page 55, while discussing housing, we read of "three and four people confined to a little 2-foot x 4-foot cubicle." That's less than half the area of the top of my desk! The map on page 6 is almost useless, the details being too small to be seen without the aid of a magnifying glass. It should have been twice the size.

No serious student of this problem or other related problems can afford to overlook this first-rate piece of work.

Dr Leechman was for many years with the Division of Anthropology in the National Museum of Canada.

FIRST MAN WEST

by Walter Sheppe

University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1962. 366 pages. $7.50.

Reviewed by W. S. Wallace

THIS rather inappropriate title is explained by the author in his sub-title, "Alexander Mackenzie's account of his expedition across North America to the Pacific in 1793." The author, who is an assistant professor of biology at Bard College, became interested in Mackenzie when studying for a doctoral degree at the University of British Columbia; and in the summer of 1959 he made an attempt to follow Mackenzie's trail from Fort Chipewyan to the Pacific. The main part of his book is an attempt to arrive at a correct version of Mackenzie's narrative —no easy task, since the first edition of Mackenzie's *Voyages* was undoubtedly the work of a shadow-writer; and the second edition, published a year later, contained some revisions. Professor Sheppe has added notes in square brackets, in indented paragraphs, and in numerous foot-notes at the back of the book; and he has included in an appendix the field notes he took when retracing Mackenzie's journey.

The rest of the volume consists of a "Prologue" summarizing the history of the fur trade and western discovery prior to Mackenzie's journey, and an "Epilogue" giving an account of Mackenzie's life afterwards. Professor Sheppe complains that there is no satisfactory life of Mackenzie in existence; but he has done little to fill the gap. He apparently has not seen Mrs Mitchell's paper, "New evidence on the Mackenzie-McTavish break," in the March 1960 number of the *Canadian Historical Review;* and his explanation of the relations between Mackenzie and Simon McTavish is far from adequate. Indeed, the bibliography which he prints at the end of the volume contains one or two notable omissions. It includes H. P. Biggar's *Early trading companies of New France*, which has no connection with the fur trade in the West, and Robert Pinkerton's *Hudson's Bay Company* (though he misspells the author's name) but he omits any reference to E. E. Rich's monumental three-volume *History of the Hudson's Bay Company*, and he makes no reference to the histories of the Company by Beckles Willson and

Sir William Schooling. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that he misspells the name of J. B. Tyrrell.

These may seem to be rather trivial criticisms, especially in view of the author's real contribution in tracing Mackenzie's route to the Pacific; but even small omissions and errors upset one's confidence in the author.

Dr. W. Stewart Wallace, Librarian Emeritus of the University of Toronto, is a former president of the Champlain Society for whom he edited "Documents relating to the North West Company" and John McLean's "Notes of a twenty-five years' service in the Hudson's Bay Territories."

NORTH TO ADVENTURE

by George T. Rowland

W. W. Norton, New York, 1962.
240 pages. Illus. $3.95.

Reviewed by Jim Lotz

IN this book, an old man writes lovingly of the sea, and of the boats he sailed around the New England coast, up the Labrador, and around Ungava Bay and South Baffin Island.

Through storm and calm, through some of the worst seas in the world, and along coasts as barren as the moon, Mr Rowland sailed a wide and wonderful variety of small boats in the years before the First World War. His first adventure, at the age of eight, involved a punt named the *Pollywog* and an explosive attempt to provide it with steam power. Then came larger boats—the sloops *Thunderer* and *Celeste*, and the *Endymion*. While an undergraduate at Yale in 1908, Mr Rowland, with an impetuosity that seems to have been characteristic, offered to sail the *Pomiuk* from Massachusetts to Battle Harbour on the Labrador. The *Pomiuk* "which looked like something a small boy might have whittled out of a chunk of wood" had been donated to Dr Wilfred Grenfell for his Labrador Mission. After an eventful journey, Mr Rowland and his scratch crew delivered the boat to her destination. Two years later, the author and a friend founded a Grenfell Association at Yale, raised funds for a hospital tender, and sailed her to Indian Harbour. In 1911, Mr Rowland undertook to deliver the *Daryl*, a boat sold by Dr Grenfell to the Hudson's Bay Company, to a point somewhere in Hudson Strait. Through guts and tickles, barely missing reefs and rocks, sometimes shrouded in fog, Mr Rowland sailed his small craft along the Labrador coast, through McLelan Strait and into Ungava Bay; the fall of 1911 was spent nosing among the islands, coves and harbours of both the north and south sides of Hudson Strait. The saga of the *Daryl* takes up about half the book. With an engine that had to be rebuilt as the boat went north, living on supplies donated by Peary to the Mission after he had returned from the Pole, without radio, and using charts that lacked detail but abounded in notations like "numerous islands in this vicinity" and "heavy pack ice reported in July, 1870," Mr Rowland's epic voyage ended with an encounter with the *Seduisante*, a whaler as mysterious as her name.

Some of the language may baffle the landlubber, with its details of jibs, luffing, topping lifts and clewing up, but the prose flows beautifully, rich and vivid and good humoured.

Mr Rowland sums up the charm of his own book when he describes the joys of sailing in a boat—"there is a constantly changing panorama of scene—sometimes pleasant, sometimes grim, but always arresting."

An index and a large scale map of the Labrador and Ungava Bay would have added to the value of this very wise, very readable book.

Mr Lotz is a Northern Research Officer with the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources.

A COOL CURVING WORLD

by Richard B. Miller

Longmans Canada, Toronto, 1962.
vii-220 pages. Illus. $5.25.

Reviewed by K. H. Doan

FROM student days in a tented summer camp to explorations of Great Bear Lake, the personal adventures of one of Canada's outstanding fisheries scientists provide an absorbing panorama. This is a tale of the outdoors, of a man who was awed by the hermit thrush and the wonder of spring, yet never failed to appreciate the foibles of his fellows. Literary charm and dry humour shine throughout a casual presentation which belies the factual accuracy of a skilled observer. Even the life cycle of a fish parasite becomes an exciting mystery story, and the grim realities of aquatic life in a mountain torrent evoke sympathetic reactions of togetherness.

Apart from dry reports of technical specialists, the late Dr Miller's autobiography marks the first bookshelf appearance of a humanist approach to a subject only fifty years young in Canada, and it is disappointing to realize that a brilliant career was cut short at the age of forty-three.

Dr Doan is Chief Fisheries Biologist for the Manitoba government.

McGILLIVRAY, LORD OF THE NORTHWEST

by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell

Clarke Irwin, Toronto, 1962.
337 pages. $6.50.

Reviewed by Isabel Barclay

IN *McGillivray, Lord of the Northwest*, Marjorie Wilkins Campbell has completed the study of the North West Company and the western trade which she began in *The Saskatchewan* and continued in a second work, *The North West Company*, published in 1957. To enable her to finish the prodigious research entailed in the present study, Mrs Campbell received a grant from the Canada Council and a fellowship from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

Frustratingly few records of the North West Company remain, and the personal papers of the various partners are even fewer and farther between. Mrs Campbell's researches took her from Canada to Scotland and Spain, from Montreal and Ottawa to London and Oxford. The result of her endeavours is a wealth of detail that brings into sharp relief many heretofore shadowy images and happenings in one of the most important periods of Canadian history.

The subject of Mrs Campbell's biography is of course, William McGillivray,

Reprinted

EXPEDITIONS TO THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

by P. D. Baird

This 16-page pamphlet lists sea and land expeditions from earliest times to 1918, naming leaders, vessels, objectives and results, and publications describing each of the expeditions.

Available for 35 cents from
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nephew of Simon McTavish, who had been one of the founders of the North West Company, and for many years its most effective guiding hand. Born in Inverness-shire, William McGillivray came to Montreal in 1783, at the age of nineteen, to take office as clerk in the North West Company. He died in London in 1823. The years between saw this proud, courageous, incredibly able Scot rise from clerk to chief partner of the North West Company. It also saw all he had fought for and won reduced to rubble.

The North West Company has been called the first great Canadian enterprise. Its rise and fall is described by Professor W. Stewart Wallace as "one of the most dramatic episodes in the economic history of North America. Beginning as a pool or syndicate formed by a few bold adventurers who had penetrated to the fur bearing regions of the Canadian North West in the early days of British rule, it developed into an organization which was one of the first examples of 'big business' in the New World."

Who were these bold adventurers? Mostly Highlanders and French Canadians who within the short space of fifty years opened up the whole of the northern part of North America from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean and from the head waters of the Mississippi to the Arctic. Their business offices were in Montreal which remained the nerve centre of the operation, their wilderness headquarters were first at Grand Portage, and then, after the American Revolution, at Fort William on Lake Superior. Here once a year the business partners from Montreal met the wintering partners from the frontier posts and settled the Company's affairs for the coming year. Lines of communication between Montreal and the western posts were long and costly to operate. The expense of transporting trade goods from London to Montreal by sea, and then from Montreal to Lake Athabasca, or the posts on the Lower Saskatchewan by canoe, and taking the furs back over the same, long, hazardous routes was astronomical. Looking back, it is a wonder not that the North West Company eventually collapsed but that it ever functioned. That it did was due in large measure to the genius of William McGillivray. But in the long run even McGillivray's genius was not equal to strains imposed on his enterprise by politics and geography.

In the early days of British rule, the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company effected a more or less peaceful co-existence, but as time went on and the Canadians penetrated farther and farther into the heart of the North West, clashes became inevitable. Matters finally came to a head in 1811 when the fifth Lord Selkirk, who had gained a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company, obtained a grant of forty-five million acres in the Red River Valley and proposed to bring in settlers. This land lay not only directly across the North West Company's main lines of communications, but in the middle of the prairie country from which the Nor'westers drew their supplies of pemmican. "Fur traders like armies travel on their stomach." Without pemmican the canoe brigades were doomed. Lord Selkirk's scheme spelt death to the North West Company.

Mrs Campbell describes the fights and lawsuits that followed. During the next ten years we move from Montreal to Fort William, from the Red River Valley to London. We see William McGillivray struggling desperately against people and events over which he had little or no control—Lord Selkirk, the Hudson's Bay Company, the War of 1812, Lord Selkirk again. We follow his moves to gain access to a Hudson Bay sea route, which were denied by the British Government even during the days of war, his attempts to negotiate a fair merger of the two companies and his and the Nor'westers eventual defeat. For in 1821 when an agreement was signed between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, it was not a partnership but an absorption. The end was doubtless inevitable. As their lines of communication lengthened and their expenses rose, the Montreal merchants could not hope to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company with its monopoly, its quicker and cheaper sea route, and its powerful London lobby.

Abstracts of articles from *The Beaver* are published in *Historical Abstracts* (1775-1945). Any qualified person interested in abstracting articles from the journal is requested to contact Dr Eric H. Boehm, Editor, Historical Abstracts, 800 East Micheltorena Street, Santa Barbara, California. Abstracters will receive a copy of *The Beaver* and a subscription to the *H. A. Bulletin* which is a reprint of the general topical sections of *Historical Abstracts* and includes the annual index number.

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Mrs Campbell writes of these events with insight and imagination based on both old and new documentary sources. The result is an absorbing study, but one that is bound to raise a certain amount of controversy. This is all to the good. In Canada we tend to be too complacent —even about our past.

Isabel Barclay is curator of prints and documents at the McCord Museum of McGill University.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN HORNBY

by George Whalley

Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1962. 367 pages, illus., maps. $6.50.

Reviewed by Guy Blanchet

THIS book is more than a legend. It is so carefully documented that it is almost a biography. Mr Whalley made exhaustive investigations in Canada and England, and from interviews, letters, diaries and published books—with numerous excerpts—the narrative becomes very much Hornby himself.

The Hornby story covers chiefly his life in Canada from his arrival in 1904 at the age of 23 to his death on what was to be his last expedition into the North by the Thelon River in 1927. The Canadian story is interrupted by service in World War I and visits to his home in Nantwich, England.

The story of his early years in Canada, as one of a group of Englishmen, ranchers, sportsmen and remittance-men, tells of his restless habits and varied occupations. His association with Cosmo Melvill in 1908 as a partner in a trading venture brought him to Great Bear Lake and set the pattern for the rest of his life.

The trading venture was not very successful. Melvill was more interested in hunting and wild life. Hornby is revealed as a restless adventurer. His meeting with George Douglas, the leader of an expedition investigating the copper of Coppermine River led to a friendship that lasted through the years and which was his most secure anchor with reality. They were essentially different. Douglas planned his expeditions with meticulous care. Hornby's vague plans were based on impulse and a characteristic "Why bother?"

During this period, he was associated with Father Rouvière, a dedicated priest attempting to establish a mission among the Eskimos. Hornby assisted in building a cabin. Before it was completed he left on a hunting expedition but later accepted it as his winter quarters. I believe that if Hornby had accompanied Fathers Rouvière and LeRoux on their mission to the Eskimos of the Arctic coast, he might have prevented their tragic death by his gift of making friends with the natives.

Like other Englishmen about the Empire, Hornby responded to the call for volunteers in 1914. Although he found army life intolerable, his war record included promotion to lieutenant and the Military Cross. Wounded, he was invalided to Canada and, technically a deserter, he disappeared into the North.

After an unhappy return to Great Bear Lake his interests were centered on Great Slave Lake. At its eastern extremity he built Fort Hornby, a six foot by eight foot cabin. Here, alone, unable to reach the plateau of the barrens, he nearly starved for two winters.

In 1922, 'outside' again, he met Captain Critchell-Bullock of the Bengal Lancers, wounded and discharged from the army and seeking a new life in the Canadian North. The partnership formed led to a winter in a sand hill cave at the edge of the Barrens and their journey down the Thelon River.

Whalley concludes *The Legend* with the story of Hornby's last venture to the Thelon country in 1926 with his 17-year-old nephew Edgar Christian and a youth named Adlard. This proved to be just another of Hornby's expeditions, visionary, ill-planned, assuming that they could live off the country. The party reached their winter quarters with rifles, fish hooks, nets and very limited supply of food. Hornby did not realize it but physically he was breaking down. Most of the story of this last episode of the *Hornby Legend* might have been lost except for young Edgar. His father had instructed him to keep a diary and in it he recorded their struggle against starvation, the final breakdown and death of his hero, Hornby, followed by the death of Adlard. Edgar, alone, surviving on scraps of garbage, wrote his diary until, knowing the end was near, he placed it in the cold ashes of his stove with a note on top, "look in stove." Two years later it was found.

Was the Hornby story worth writing? Douglas and I questioned it but George Whalley persisted in his search for authentic information and from it he produced an authentic book. He has written well, and with integrity, not only of the legend but also of the people with whom Hornby was associated and of the background—the little-known North.

The Hornby Legend deserves a place in the section of Canadiana dealing with the North, alongside Hanbury, Pike, Douglas and others who, in a private capacity and for personal satisfaction were drawn to that remote country and revealed for others what they found.

Maps and an excellent index give it importance for reference.

Guy Blanchet who in the 1920s was exploring and surveying for the Dominion Topographical Survey in the Northwest Territories, had many contacts with Hornby.

SCALPS AND TOMAHAWKS

Edited by Frederick Drimmer

Coward-McCann Inc., New York, 1961. 378 pages. $6.00.

Captured by the redskins is the theme of this book which is a compilation of autobiographical accounts of white people who have suffered at Indian hands. It is "intended for the popular reader, not the historian or scholar, who has access to the originals." Among others less well known in Canada, our old acquaintances Alexander Henry, John Tanner, and John R. Jewitt tell again about the more grizzly parts of their careers. Mr Drimmer's condensations are well done without altering the sense and, as evidenced in the Jewitt narrative, without changing the words of the original to any great extent. Short introductions establish the setting for each story and a few explanatory notes have been added.

It is obvious that a great deal of work has gone into the preparation of this book and one can only regret that it was not directed to the promotion of greater understanding of Indian and white relations instead of to the assumedly bloodthirsty "popular reader" who will be strengthened in acceptance of the trite saying that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Mask of a sea bear, 12 inches high, made of sheet copper and inlaid with haliotis (abalone) shell in the eyes and teeth. It is surrounded by light brown bear fur. The sea bear is a mythical animal often used as a secondary crest animal. This Haida or Tlinkit mask was one of the exhibits of Northwest Coast Indian Art at the Seattle Fair. *Courtesy of the Museum of Primitive Art, New York*

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